Gen'l James A Beaver Mch 11

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DELIGE TELLS STORY OF LIFE

Relates To "The Republican" Career To Time of Baudis Murder.

HIS ADVICE TO OTHERS

"Keep Away from Drinking and Gambling," Says Confessed Murderer—"Whiskey Put Me Where I Am—My Experience is Warning to Others."

"I blame whisky for putting me where I am. Other young men should profit by my sad experience and leave whisky and gambling alone. Drinking and gambling will ruin any young man. A man should be on the right side of God to be safe."

This is the message to young men from Bert Delige, who, having confessed to the murder of Mrs. John Baudis, is patiently awaiting his trial next week and counting the days until he will be summoned to pay the penalty for his crime. Delige made the foregoing statement while telling the story of his life to "The Republican."

Resigned to his fate and cheerful, even though he realizes that he must go to the scaffold, Delige calmly related the story of his career, from the time when he was a little tot, running about the ore mines at Scotia, down to the day he was placed under arrest on the charge of murder. He said he would be glad to have the story published in "The Republican."

On the subject of the murder of Mrs. Baudis Delige made no further comment. He explained that all he had to say had been fully related in "The Republican." Two chapters in his life he asked to be excused from discussing. One reason, he said, covered both—a desire to forget his troubles while he is endeavoring to center his thoughts on brighter things. His shooting of John Haugh and a son of John Williams, both of Scotia, some years ago, were the subjects Delige avoided discussing. His refusal was more a request to help him forget both incidents. Of the murder of Mrs. Baudis, Delige disposed of all questions with the one reply:

"Please don't ask me any more about that. I have told it all; there is nothing more for me to say."

It is expected that Delige will be called for trial on Wednesday of next week. Everything else on the criminal case schedule will be disposed of before Delige is tried. Unless these cases take more time than now seems probable, Delige will be placed on trial on Wednesday morning. In the event of unlooked for delay, he may not be called before Wednesday noon. In this event the trial may not be finished before Thursday evening.

Having confessed his crime and been converted and baptized by Rev. P. E. Paul, pastor of St. Paul's African Methodist Episcopal church, Delige devotes the greater part of his time to prayer and reading his Bible. Although of limited education, as he explains in his life story, Delige is able to read and he finds much comfort in reading and studying passages of Scripture. Delige was baptized in the jail on Thanksgiving by Mr. Paul. On the night of that day a brief religious service was held in his cell, a part of which was singing by a colored quartette. Delige participated in the service with the keenest interest. As to how he feels and views the outlook, Delige said to "The Republican."

"I feel that I have done everything that I could and that I have made my peace with God. I am waiting for the end believing that I am saved. I am glad that I turned to God in this awful trouble."

On Monday Delige was visited by several members of his family. These included his father, two brothers, Walter and Aaron, and his sister, Nora.

"When my father and brothers were here I gave them the best advice I could" said Delige. "I told them to stop drinking and not to gamble and to find God. If all men could feel as I feel, standing here in my cell, they would take my advice."

Telling the story of his life for "The Republican," Delige became the more cheerful as he talked. The relating of one incident awakened memories of another and still another. At times he laughed boyishly over some humorous incident that came to his mind. He expressed appreciation of the interest taken in him by Rev. Mr. Paul. Repeatedly he said that he was glad that he had confessed.

Delige's mind is clear. He uses remarkably good language. He seems to be fully conscious of the enormity of his crime. The extreme nervous condition, which followed the collapse on the night of his confession, has almost entirely passed away.

The one important feature to be revealed by next week's trial will be the motive which prompted Delige to kill Mrs. Baudis. In his first confession to "The Republican," which was the first to be secured or published by any newspaper, and in all other interviews for publication, Delige has stoutly maintained that he had no motive for the crime. It is believed that the Commonwealth will endeavor to show and prove a motive. Just what this will be shown to be will not be disclosed until the trial unless Delige adds this all-important link to his confession.

Had not Delige become associated with John Baudis in operating a merry-go-round it is entirely probable that the latter or his murdered widow would ever have fallen into the debt of the now accused murderer. Strange to say, Delige started to work for Mr. Baudis as the result of a most unusual incident, which he tells about in his life-story, which is as follows:

"There isn't much that I can tell about myself. I am 28 years old and was born up at Scotia. When I was a youngster I ran about the mines up there and played with the other boys. I went to school after a while. I can't tell just how old I was then, but I guess I went to school for about four months. Still, I wasn't so small, either, then.

"The first work I ever did was when I was eight or ten years old, I guess. I can remember all about it even now. I started out to work on the farm of Samuel T. Gray and he sent me up to Gray's cemetery to whitewash the pailings. The next work I did, as near as I can tell, was to pick potatoes on the Gray farm. I worked there for quite a while, maybe a year, but I can't tell just how long. I worked on the farms until I was about 15 or 16, I guess, when I went to work in the mines. I suppose I worked there quite a few years, then I went to Forge City, where I carried slate on top of the boiler house roof. Then I worked in Pittsburg, in the Interest Brothers brick yard. I stayed there not quite a year, when I went across to Allegheny and worked carrying white lead. I didn't stay there any time at all, but went to Apollo, where I boarded while I worked at Vandergrift. I worked in the sheet mill at Vandergrift, hustling pig metal, but only stayed there about a month. Then I came home, that is, back to Scotia. After I was home I went to work in the mines, maybe it was in the washery, I can't recall just which.

"The first time I ever worked for Mr. Baudis was when he started out with his merry-go-round. I don't know just what year that was. I was working at Philipsburg then. Mr. Baudis had his merry-go-round down at Hecla. One night his son, that is, Ed. Baudis, was coming in from Osceola. He got off the train at Philipsburg and didn't get back on in time and in that way missed his train. He didn't have any money and he came to me where I was shantying and asked me if there was any way he could get to Hecla. I asked him if he could freight it and told him if he could we could get down all right. He said he could and that night we caught a freight and came down to Tyrone and then to Bellefonte. After we got to Bellefonte we went down to the Central Railroad and I told the conductor all about it. We explained to him what had happened and what we wanted. So we got down to Hecla. I went to work for Mr. Baudis and stayed with him until the end of the season, then going back to Scotia. Didn't go out with him again until this summer, later running the machine for Mrs. Baudis and staying with it until it was stored away at the fair grounds.

"I went back to Scotia and worked about, at one thing and another and was working for Mr. Griffin when I was arrested."

Just once did Delige refer to his early troubles at Scotia. This was at the conclusion of his story that he talked of his conversion and added a word of advice to young men to avoid drinking and gambling. To the paragraph quoted in the beginning of this article, Delige added:

"No man is safe if he doesn't have God with him. When a man starts out he doesn't know when he will come back."

With this Delige remarked that he faced the future without fear. He said:

"When God is with a man a man doesn't fear death. I am not afraid because I have asked God to save my soul and believe He will do so."

THANKSGIVING LIBERAL IN HOSPITAL DONATIONS

Public Makes Magnificent Response with Gifts to Institution.

GREATEST IN HISTORY

Residents of All Parts of County Send Articles of Clothing, Food, Delicacies, Etc.—Management Express their Appreciation.

Thanksgiving, 1910, will ever stand out as a bright spot in the history of the Bellefonte Hospital.

Residents of Centre County, with the spirit of the day in their hearts, responded so liberally in the way of gifts of clothing, food, delicacies, etc., that the big institution of relief and mercy has been fairly swamped with donations. As late as yesterday the gifts were still arriving and the management of the hospital found it difficult to fully express the heartfelt appreciation awakened by the generous response to the appeal for help.

Bellefonte stands out conspicuously in the donations which were hurried to the hospital to make Thanksgiving a day long to be remembered. But Bellefonte was not to have all the glory, for from all parts of the county the donations began to arrive and each day since Thanksgiving they have been coming in until they have far surpassed the fondest hopes of the management.

For the many gifts received, and the spirit which prompted the giving, the management of the hospital is more than grateful.

SAD HUNTING ACCIDENT

Joseph Ewing, of State College, Has Head Blown Off by Gun.

An especially sad hunting accident was that near State College, on Thanksgiving when Joseph Ewing, a son of Samuel Ewing, had the back part of his head blown off by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of Orin Osman, a member of the hunting party. The same discharge of the gun blew off the thumb and first finger of Osman's right hand.

The accident happened about 9 o'clock in the morning, along the creek a short distance below State College. In the party with Ewing, who was aged about 17 years, was Osman and a third young man, Edward Tyson. They were attempting to cross the stream, at a point along the Shuey meadow, but finding the footboard too steep they tried to retrace their steps. In doing so, Ewing and Osman fell, the former landing into the creek and Osman on the bank, close to the water. The gun in the hands of Osman slipped, the hammers striking the board and discharging both barrels. The double discharge tore through Osman's right hand and lodged in the back of Ewing's head, entering the skull at a point near the right ear.

Horrified by the accident to Ewing and apparently unconscious of the fact that his hand had been terribly mangled, Osman jumped into the creek and carried out his unfortunate companion. It was seen at a glance, however, that Ewing was dead. Mrs. Ewing, the young man's mother, was attending the funeral of Jacob Weber when apprised of the accident.

The funeral of young Ewing was held from the residence of his parents, at State College, on Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, Rev J. M. Reiley officiating. Interment was made in the Pine Hall cemetery.

Can't Help Laughing.

Readers of "The Republican" are enjoying a good laugh over the heated controversy between two uptown newspapers regarding which did or didn't get the second confession by Bert Delige that he murdered Mrs. John Baudis.

The news was that Delige had confessed. "The Republican" got his confession on Monday night, of last week, hustled out a special edition and gave its readers a wide lead over those of every other newspaper.

The first that the three other newspapers in Bellefonte learned of the Delige confession was when they received a copy of "The Republican" special edition at the breakfast table on Tuesday morning.

It isn't any wonder readers of "The Republican" laughed. It is said that even the bronze statue of Governor Curtin wore a broad smile.

Killed Monster Porker.

Frank Hess, proprietor of the Sandy Ridge Hotel, last week killed a monster porker. The hog weighed 583 pounds. Frank secured about 250 pounds of lard from the "critter."

AUTO TRUCK SUPPLANTS DELIVERY WAGON HORSE

Hazel Bros. First to Adopt Modern Method of Transportation.

IS 20-HORSE-POWER-CAR

To be Put Into Operation Delivering Groceries by Expert From Factory—C. C. Shuey to Adopt System if Success in Town of Hills.

The auto truck for general delivery for stores has made its appearance in Bellefonte. If it proves a success in a town of hills, as it has in more level sections, the auto truck threatens to supplant the horse, at least so far as several of the larger stores are concerned.

Hazel Bros., the grocers, on Tuesday secured a 20-horse-power auto truck from the Chase Company, of New York. The car was received through P. F. Keichline, as agent. With the arrival, probably today, of an expert from Philadelphia, the auto truck will be put into actual operation in delivering groceries, etc. If it proves a success it is likely that C. C. Shuey, the grocer, will be the next merchant to purchase one. Once the car demonstrates that it can stand the wear and tear of traveling over the hills, other stores are expected to adopt the modern method of delivery, now in general use in the cities.

The Hazel Bros., auto truck was unloaded from a freight car near the Pennsylvania Railroad passenger station. After it had been examined, William Keichline stepped in and took charge at the wheel. With a pull of the lever, the auto truck started off and on high gear traveled easily up High Street to the Diamond.

No further use of the auto truck was attempted, it being the desire of the company to first operate it under the guidance of one of its experts. The auto truck is equipped with solid rubber tires and holds a much greater quantity than the average delivery wagon.

DAGGETT—CANFIELD

Pretty Home Wedding for Popular Young Couple on Monday Evening.

A small but pretty home wedding was that at 6 o'clock on Monday evening, when Miss Caroline Orvis Canfield, daughter of Mrs. A. E. Canfield, became the bride of Mr. Lewis Daggett, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Wells L. Daggett. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's mother, on East Linn Street, Rev. Dr. J. Allison Platts, pastor of the Presbyterian church, officiating. Following a tastefully arranged wedding supper, Mr. and Mrs. Daggett departed on a wedding tour of two weeks. On their return they will reside at the Bush House, in the management of which the groom assists his father.

The Canfield home was prettily decorated for the occasion, white chrysanthemums predominating in a mass of ferns and palms. There was no wedding march and the guests included the immediate families and close relatives of the happy young couple. The bride was handsomely dressed in white satin, with point lace and pearl trimmings, and carried a shower of white roses. Her bridesmaid was Miss Helen Stull, of Wyncote, who was dressed in yellow marquesette over satin, trimmed in Chantilly lace and marabou. The groom was attended by Albert Canfield, a brother of the bride.

The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Wells L. Dagget, Randolph Daggett, Boynton Daggett, Frederick Daggett, Miss Helen Boynton, Mrs. Lucy Scovell, of Elmira, N. Y.; Mrs. A. E. Canfield, Mrs. William Stoddart, of Wyncote; Mrs. Ezra Canfield, of Williamsport; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Keller, Orvis Keller, Harry Keller, Ellis Keller, Judge and Mrs. Ellis L. Orvis, Miss Marjorie Lyon, Miss Anna Lyon.

Following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Daggett stole a march on their friends by going to Curtin in an automobile and taking the train for Lock Haven at that place.

Hospital Notes.

Mrs. Mary Blackford, Bellefonte; operation.

Mrs. Anna Sheetz, Milton; operation.

Mrs. Carrie Hockenbury, Bellefonte operation.

Miss Flora Love and Miss Grace Weaver, both of Bellefonte; discharged.

William Sensor, manager for steam derrick for Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at Tyrone; Potts fracture of right foot, caused by having his foot caught between railroad ties, while taking up wrecked cars on Bellefonte Central Railroad line, at Coleville.

COMPLETE PROGRAM OF TEACHERS' INSTITUTE

Will Be Held in New Court House, December 19-23.

MEETING OF DIRECTORS

Twenty-fourth Annual Meeting of Centre County Association to be Held in New High School Auditorium on December 21-22.

All arrangements have been completed for the Sixty-fourth annual Centre County Teachers' Institute, the several sessions of which will be in the new Court House, December 19-23. The Twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Centre County Directors' Association will be held in the new High School building, December 21-22.

The complete program for the Institute and also the meeting of the directors, follows:

OFFICERS OF INSTITUTE.

President, David O. Etters, State College.

Vice Presidents, C. R. Neff, Centre Hall; F. M. Pletcher, Blanchard; J. A. Williams, Port Matilda.

Secretary, William H. Haney, Spring Mills.

Enrolling Clerks, W. S. Holter, Howard; H. G. Hoover, Pine Glenn; C. A. Weaver, Penna. Furnace.

Doorkeepers, H. E. Leathers, Snow Shoe; Thomas L. Moore, Centre Hall; William T. Winkelblech, Coburn.

Ticket agent, Jonas E. Wagner, Bellefonte.

Institute Clergy, Monday, Dec. 19, 2 P. M., Rev. Fred W. Barry; Tuesday, Dec. 20, 9 A. M., Rev. J. F. Hower; Wednesday, Dec. 21; 9 A. M., Rev. C. W. Winey, Thursday, Dec. 22, 9 A. M., Rev. T. S. Wilcox; Friday, Dec. 23, 8.30 A. M., Rev. A. M. Schmidt.

INSTRUCTORS.

Dr. A. J. Kinneman, State Normal School, Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Dr. J. George Becht, Principal State Normal School, Clarion, Pa.

Dr. Samuel E. Weber, Dean School of Liberal Arts, State College.

Dr. Byron W. King, King's School of Oratory, Pittsburg.

Professor C. Dison Koch, Department of Public Instruction, Harrisburg.

Professor Thomas I. Mairs, School of Agriculture, State College.

Professor LeRoy A. King, State Normal School, Lock Haven.

David F. Fortney, Board of Education, Bellefonte.

Professor B. I. Meyers, Supt. Schools, Philipsburg.

Professor J. S. F. Ruthrauff, Principal High School, Philipsburg.

EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

All evening entertainments will be held in the Court House, beginning at 8 o'clock P. M. Course tickets, $1.50. One single admission 50 cents, Monday, Wednesday and Thursday; Tuesday, 25 cents. Course tickets may be had by applying to ticket agent or to Superintendent Etters.

Monday, Dec. 19—Lecture, "The Haunted House," Dr. Edward A. Ott, Chicago.

Tuesday, Dec. 20—Lecture, "Temperament in Teaching," Dr. A. J. Kinneman, Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Wednesday, Dec. 21 Lecture, "Eyes That See Not, Ears That Hear Not," Dr. Byron W. King, Pittsburg.

Thursday, Dec. 22—Concert by the Whitney Brothers Quartette, Buffalo, N. Y.

COMMITTEES.

Legislature—C. L. Gramley, chairman; B. I. Meyers, B. H. Bottenhorn, H. C. Rothrock, J. L. Ghering, U. A. Moyer, J. E. Wagner, R. U. Wasson.

Necrology—H. M. Hosterman, chairman; T. A. Auman, M. E. Heberling.

Resolutions—I. O. Noll, chairman; J. H. Fike, C. E. Tooie.

Auditing—D. A. Deitrich, chairman; F. W. Dillen, E. E. Haney.

Ushers—S. M. Robb, chairman; Chester Barnes, John C. Bailey, R. P. Barnhart, Harry Brungart, Roy Coldren, D. A. Deitrich, Jr., Harry Hubler, Ralph Musser, Roy H. Musser, Foster Ripka, Harry Rossman, and Ralph Struble.

Reading Course—J. E. Wagner, chairman; B. H. Bottenhorn, F. M. Pletcher.

Texts for Reading Course 1910-1911—"Julius Caesar," Mr. Pletcher; "Working Principles of Political Economy"—McVane; C. E. Merrill & Co., N. Y.—Mr. Bottenhorn. "Among Country Schools"—Kern; Ginn & Co., N. Y.—Mr. Wagner.

LOCAL INSTITUTES.

First District—U. A. Moyer, chairman;

(Continued on fifth page)

CO. L. OFFICERS IGNORE CALL FOR EXAMINATION

Treat With Silence Gen. Clement's Order to Go to Sunbury.

ECHO OF RECENT FIGHT

Regarded as Attempted Move to Discipline Supporters of Captain Taylor in Bitter Contest For Colonel of Twelfth Regiment.

A crisis has been reached in the bitterness among National Guard officers growing out of the recent fight for Colonel of the Twelfth Regiment, Third Brigade, in which Captain H. S. Taylor, of Bellefonte, was defeated by Major William R. Follmer, of Lewisburg.

On the night of the election of Major Follmer, Captain Taylor notified Brigadier General Charles M. Clement that he protested the proceeding. It is expected that the formal notice of protest will be filed with Adjutant General Stewart in the next few days.

General Clement several days ago called an election to be held today at Sunbury for all line officers recently elected. The examination has been made so rigid that some of the proposed questions would bowl over anybody but a graduate fresh from college. Captain Taylor, First Lieutenant E. Richard Taylor and Second Lieutenant William Brown, who constitute the several officers of Company L, of Bellefonte, are included in General Clement's notice to those expected to appear today for examination. All three will remain away from the examination.

Captain Taylor, when asked regarding the matter, said that he would be compelled to attend a sale today and that this would necessitate his absence from the Sunbury examination. He positively declined to make any comment on the proposed examination.

Ever since the election of Major Follmer over Captain Taylor as Colonel it has been a matter of common rumor in military circles that Taylor's supporters in the bitter contest would be disciplined at the earliest opportunity. When the Bellefonte officers received the printed notice to appear today for examination they were more than surprised. They took the ground that on the surface it looked like the first move to force out of the National Guard men who loyally supported Captain Taylor during the several months his fight dragged along.

It will be recalled that the intense feeling attending the contest developed a deadlock and forced the Twelfth Regiment to go through the recent encampment without a Colonel. Several attempts were made to break the deadlock, all failing until a few weeks ago, when with a number of vacancies in line officers in several companies, another election was suddenly called. This resulted in Captain Taylor's defeat. Before the election was concluded Captain Taylor notified General Clement that he would protest the result.

Colonel Follmer several days ago announced a few of his staff appointments. Thus far he has made no reference to the several Bellefonte officers not on the staff.

MRS. ELIZABETH STINE

Was Former Resident of Buffalo Run; Died at Loveville.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stine, for many years a well known and highly respected resident of Centre County, died at 5 o'clock on Tuesday evening of last week, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Mary Thomas, at Loveville. Death resulted from a stroke of apoplexy. Funeral services were held on Friday afternoon, at 1 o'clock, with interment at Gray's cemetery.

Mrs. Stine had lived to the ripe old age of 87 years and 5 months. Until about one year ago she resided in the Buffalo Run valley, then removing to Loveville, where she spent the closing months of her life. A splendid Christian woman, Mrs. Stine was beloved by a wide circle of friends, endearing herself to all by her kindly ways and a sincerity of effort to make happy those with whom she came into contact. During her lifetime she was an active member of the Methodist Episcopal church, remaining steadfast in the faith until her lifework was done and she was called to her reward.

Surviving are the following children: Mrs. Emma Thomas and Mrs. John A. Hoy, of Waddle; Mrs. Mary Thomas, of Loveville; Mrs. Katherine Sellers and William, of Johnsonburg; John, Jonas and George Stine, of Matternville.

Refused to Accept Resignation.

At a congregational meeting of the Presbyterian church on Wednesday evening, the resignation of Dr. J. Allison Platts was rejected by a vote of 105 to 47. Dr. Platts, however will likely accept the call to Wilkinsburg.

IN RAINBOW LAND

It is a Bonnie Name and True for West Highlands of Scotland.

"The West Highlands of Scotland may truly be called the home of the rainbow," says a writer in the London Queen, "for here you will see them at any time of the year, and in no other part of the world can they be seen in more perfect form and hue.

"On a wild autumn day, with the west or southwest wind blowing the clouds up across the sun, I have seen one rainbow follow another in quick succession. A perfect arch of palpitating color becomes suddenly visible and frames the blue black mountains, which sit hunched at the top of the loch, gathering the storms round their great shoulders and hurling them down onto the foam white waters; at other times the bow shimmers across the sullen sky with both its ends resting on the water, a veritable gateway into Fairyland.

"Even when they are not visible in this part of the world it seems as if they had spilled their colors on the woods and hills. When the clouds lift and the belated sun shines over mountain and loch the effect is almost as dazzling as the rainbow itself.

"In heather time the hills are wine colored on their lower slopes, while their tops are a deep indigo blue, standing out in strong contrast to the clear pale sky. Nearer at hand there is every shade of color from warm amethyst to the soft bloom of a purple plum.

"Later in the year the hills are checkered with the pale gold of ripe grain, the red brown or withered heather, the rusty glow of bracken, and the still vivid green of pasture fields, while the trees show every imaginable shade of hot color and seem to vie with each other in their efforts to defy the approaching gloom of winter.

"The waters of the sea lochs, which add so much to the beauty of rainbow land, are tinted with all the shades of blue, gray and green, and at sunset glow with colors which rival the hues of the rainbow. The leaves fall and spread their brightness on the ground remorsefully; the passionate autumn rains awaken the burns, which slept during the summer, and the air is filled with the hoarse cry of many waters.

"The dwellers in this rainbow land fall into the habit of looking up to see if the arch of color is visible, and even if it is not there the attitude of hope cannot fail to uplift, and the consciousness that the rainbow is not far oft never quite leaves them."

Womanly Wisdom.

Bring the soul into command and make the body obey orders.

Cook prunes by pouring hot water over them and letting them stand on the back of the stove a few hours.

Don't make ginger cookies and then hide the jar. Nobody ever hid a cooky jar where a boy could not find it.

I find turkey fat, after it has been fried out, a splendid substitute for butter in making cookies or biscuits.

Gruels are more tempting to the sick if whipped to a froth with an egg-beater, and served in a pretty, dainty cup.

When your stocking feet are past mending, cut off the legs for bags to put over the broom when wiping walls or floors.

If the neck of a sweater becomes stretched too loose wearing, shrink it by dipping it in clear, warm water, then drying.

To prevent woven carpet from unraveling, it is a good plan to unravel about two inches and tie together the ends of warp.

Some jars of nicely canned fruit, or glasses of jelly or pickles, make a Christmas present that is always acceptable to the recipient.

When you make doughnuts, remember that it isn't the hole that fills up a hungry boy's appetite. Put in some doughnut, as well as a great big hole.

If the kitchen window is kept open at the top while cooking such foods as cabbage, onions, etc., the unpleasant odor will go out of the window instead of spreading all over the house.

By keeping candle-molds at hand, a few candles may be made at a time as the suet accumulates, and the ends of candles, and the droppings on the candlesticks, may be melted and run into fresh candles.

Is there anything better for breakfast these cold mornings than fried mush or corn griddle-cakes? Don't let the miller grind the meal too fine, and if he is tricky keep an eye on him or you may not get the meal from your own corn. We like to pick out nice, sound ears, clean and dry enough to grind well. And when we shell them we leave about an inch of the tips on the cobs. Then we like to get all the cob chaff out, leaving nothing but the clean corn.

To corn beef for use in a week or two, wipe it, then rub hot salt into it until it all disappears; then add more salt and rub again until the meat will absorb no more. Place it in a crock in a cool place for a week, turning it each day, then it will be ready for use. To cook, wash and put it to boil in cold water. Bring slowly to the boiling point and simmer it thirty minutes to every pound. If it is to be served cold, allow it to cool in the liquor in which it was boiled. Farm Journal.

Stops itching instantly. Cures piles, eczema, salt rheum, tetter, itch, hives herpes, scabies—Doan's Ointment. At any drug store.

Gumption on the Farm.

Never too old to learn.

The wages of gin is death.

If the elevator to success is stopped—try the stairs.

Nobody without some pepper in him is worth his salt.

Don't call on your neighbors just to borrow something.

The doors of opportunity are marked "push" and "pull."

Tell your wife how well her cooking tastes and what good butter she makes.

Don't envy the man who is riding around in an auto until you know how big his mortgage is.

Now is a good time to nail loose boards on the barn and sheds and to replace broken glass in the windows.

Time may be money, but the average man would rather give you a two hours' talk then lend you a quarter.

He mortgaged the farm to set his son up in business in the city; the son failed, and now the sheriff has the farm.

Cultivate the friendship of every farm animal, from the dog to the horse. The man who has not friends of this kind is not apt to have many elsewhere.

If we would devote even one hour each Saturday morning to the little postponed fixing-up tasks, how much we might add to the general appearance of things.

When you want legal advice, hunt up some man who would rather help you to keep out of trouble than to get you out after you are once in up to your knees.

"Kind lady, I'm just merely trying to keep soul and body together!"—he did look thin; but the lady did neither smile nor weep, as she handed the tramp a safety pin!

Farmers who have occasion to draw up contracts, agreements, notes, checks, etc. should remember that the safest plan is to employ pen and ink for this work—never use a lead-pencil. The law will recognize the lead-pencil but the writing may be erased too easily, and the amout or terms may be changed. If pen and ink are not at hand when drawing up such papers, use an indelible pencil.

A Long Island farmer heard a noise one night, and thinking that the wagon spoke he went out to investigate. He discovered that the wagon was tongue-tied, and that he had merely heard Long Island Sound. Hearing at another time a commotion near a piece of timber not far from the beach, and fearing that it was smugglers or pirates, he went out to frighten them away by having the hickory bark. The hickory failed, but he found that the dog-wood succeed. However it turned out to be simply an ocean squall.

In the olden times the farm was a general loafing place in the winter. The farmer loafed at the store or smith shop; the cows loafed in the stable, as the milk pails proved; the horses loafed and grew soft and fat in their stalls, and the very hens loafed on the roost waiting for spring before beginning to lay eggs. A wonderful awakening has come! The modern farmer is on the job every day of the winter; the cows are doing their best to provide fifty-cent butter, and the cheerful cackle of the hens on these bright December days attests the fact that they are inspired by the twentieth century determination to make good at forty-five cents a dozen—Farm Journal.

Whitewashing Tree Trunks.

The following communication was sent to Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg, Pa., from Fleetwood, Pa.: "In the beginning of June, last, I whitewashed the trunks of my peach trees, with good results. Is it advisable to repeat it this fall? When would you start pruning? I would like to have the Bulletins as they are issued. How would you dilute home boiled lime-sulphur solution for spraying the the trunks of peach trees?"

The reply was as follows:

"It is all right to whitewash the trunks of your trees as often as you wish. You will not hurt them, and it may do some good, but not a great deal. I would start pruning as soon as the leaves are off. Any of the commercial lime-sulphur washes will give you good results, if you do not dilute too much. Some are stronger than others.

"We have changed our Monthly Bulletin to a quarterly, but we are placing your name on our free mailing list to receive these as issued.

"I would use home-boiled wash soon, as for San Jose scale when sprayed on trunks of peach trees, when either dormant or growing, if it be applied to the trunks alone. In other words, I should apply a mixture made by using about fifteen pounds of sulphur and fifteen pounds of lime, boiled together one hour, and diluted to fifty gallons. It does not make any difference how much water you take for the boiling.

"If you wish to make your own concentrated solution, you can easily do this by boiling two and one-fourth pounds of sulphur with one pound of lime in each gallon of water, boiling it an hour. Then strain and fill up to make up for the water that boiled away as steam, and store it in a closed vessel, and when you are ready, dilute by adding seven or eight times its bulk of water to each measure of this stored solution. This is really the same as the concentrated lime-sulphur, and you can make it when you have time and store it, and have good results with it. The best plan is to use a hydrometer to test its strength and test it so that when diluted it will be a 1.03 or stronger."

ELEPHANT POISONED

Giant Animal had Killed Keeper Abou One Month Ago.

They killed Queen on Friday last, over in Bartel's winter boarding house for jungle transients, in West Bergen. N. J. They killed this great Indian elephant, whose heart was so capricious, so feminine, because she herself was a murderess. Less than a month ago she had knelt with all the dead weight of her 3½ tons on the chest of her keeper, Bob Shields, and as the life went out of him she had lifted her trunk and screamed wickedly.

So Queen had to pay the penalty. They beguiled her with two red apples and a pailful of steaming mash. Queen ate, with her two little red eyes shifting from face to face of those before her, suspiciously seeking to know why that solemn ceremonial of kindness.

Then the lightning of the cyanide which had been hidden in those propitiatory offerings smote Queen terribly. For the space of nineteen minutes 7650 pounds of life fought against the dissolution that lay in the stab of the poison. In the end one elephant's span on earth had snapped; the shears of some pachydermatous Atropos had snapped the thread.

Preparations for the execution of Queen began several days in advance. Her allowance of food was reduced day day by day. Doctors Matthews and English, veterinarians, believed that perhaps the poison would strike more mercifully swift if the victim's stomach was empty.

Queen noted the short rations. She heard the whispers that passed between the veterinarians and Charley Curtis, her new trainer. Queen scented a plot, and she grew restless.

When she saw Frank Robbins, her owner, come in and stand looking at her critically, she wondered; she wondered slowly and ponderously, as the elephant folk do, but persistently.

"Awful lot of meat there," Queen heard her owner say. That was odd, Queen had never considered herself in terms of meat before.

Then early in the afternoon strange persons began to come into the elephant house, by tens and dozens. They all came solemnly and some af them spoke in whispers.

There were George McCarthy, president of the Hudson County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and a delegation from his society. Had Queen known the grim title of these gentlemen she would have gussed. Then there were several men from the Jersey City board of health, animal trainers and animal dealers, reporters and even the inevitable camera men with their tripods and flashlight fixings.

Charley Curtis stood very near Queen, and when a stranger—he was Headkeeper Billy Snyder, of Central Park Zoo—came in with a whole lot of clanking chains and began to fasten them in double-ply about all of Queen's feet she grew more spasmodic in her swaying back and forth. She could have swept Snyder into eternity, but Charley Curtis kept saying; "Now, Queen; now Queen, good girl Queen." So of course Queen did no harm to the stranger at her feet.

It was Charley Curtis himself who held out the two rosy apples with seven grains of potassium cyanide, under their red cheeks. Of course Queen pouched them in a twinkling even though her little eyes kept shifting over the heads of the crowd. Onlookers waited four minutes, five minutes. Still Queen swayed in her chains. Charley Reed, an ex-cavalry man from the Ninth, stood there with his fingers on the trigger of a 45 carbine. Nothing happened. Then Curtis hurried to make a bran mash with five more grains of the deadly stuff stirred in it.

Queen took that in great rolls with the tip of her trunk. Then swiftly came the terror and the agony. Chains snapped each time Queen sank to her knees, and every one but the men with the carbine had scampered in fear. There were trumpetings and lashings—but why tell how an old lady elephant died in agony!

Queen had traveled all over the country for forty years with circuses. She was 86 years old—Phila. North American.

"Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil is the best remedy for that often fatal disease—croup. Has been used with success in our family for eight years."—Mrs. L. Whiteacre, Buffalo, N. Y.

DOCTORS FAILED. RESTORED BY PERUNA.

Catarrh of the Lungs Threatened Her Life.

Miss Ninette Porter, Braintree, Vermont, writes: "I have been cured by Peruna.

"I had several hemorrhages of the lungs. The doctors did not help me much and would never have cured me.

"I saw a testimonial in a Peruna almanac of a case similar to mine, and I commenced using it.

"I was not able to wait on myself when I began using it. I gained very slowly at first, but I could see that it was helping me.

"After I had taken it a while I commenced to raise up a stringy, sticky substance from my lungs. This grew less and less in quantity as I continued the treatment.

"I grew more fleshy than I had been for a long time, and now I call myself well."

THINGS THAT WILL BUILD UP THE HERD

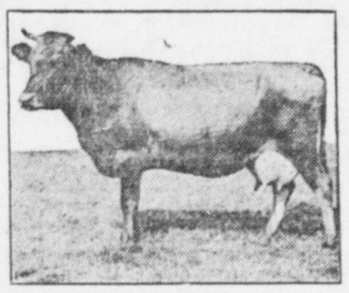
The following is what a man prominent in dairy circles has to say regarding the building up of the dairy herd:

In my experience of a good many years I have found that three essential rules should be kept in mind and adhered to as nearly as possible if the highest success is to be attained.

First and most important is to know the constitutional vigor. This may be known by the general appearance of the animal, which will be alert, vigorous and show general thrift. I give this first place because the next two qualities depend very largely on a good constitution. No animal can make good and economical use of feed without a strong digestive apparatus, good nerve force and strong heart and lung action.

The second point is to select for utility. This is where the practical business end of breeding comes in. In horse breeding, for instance, farmers in some sections have been chasing shadows to some extent by breeding trotting stock. This has resulted in lightweight, spindle legged stock of but little use for farm purposes. They have now realized their mistake and are looking for horses of 1,200 to 1,400 pounds weight, with good bone, muscle and strength.

The third consideration is beauty, which has a cash value. The extra care given attractive stock owing to the pride the owner takes in them will



A WELL REARED DAIRY COW.
[By courtesy of Iowa State college.]

usually yield a cash profit. Prospective buyers will be attracted by the animals showing the most style.

If one will study carefully the characteristics of the stock he has he can so mate them as to produce about what he likes, provided he has the constitution and uses a pure bred sire. In this way one can safely introduce quality and beauty. For instance, the Guernsey cow comes from a cross of Normandy and Brittany stock. The former were a large boned and muscled stock possessing great constitutional vigor, while the latter were bred more for quality and beauty. The cross produced a very desirable cow.

It goes without saying that if the rules above mentioned are adhered to strictly in dairy cattle breeding far better results will be secured than is generally the case in this line of work. The mistake is too frequently made in using any kind of sire—anything that will cause the cows to freshen. The best sire is none too good and is far cheaper in the long run.

Taking all the cows in the country together, the average yield is about 123 pounds of butter for each cow. This includes all kinds of cows kept under all sorts of conditions. It is probable that the average yield for each cow in the regular dairies of the country is not far from 130 pounds of butter in a year.

It is agreed that the cow that produces 200 pounds of butter in a year just about pays for her feed and the expense incident to housing and otherwise caring for her and getting the butter to market.

If a cow yields 250 pounds of butter in a year she has the value of 50 pounds to her credit. If she yields 300 pounds a year the profit from her is doubled and she is worth twice as much as the 250 pound cow. Increase the yield to 350 pounds and she increases still more in value and is worth three times as much as the 250 pound cow. It is strange that so few of such cows are to be found when they cost no more to raise than others.

Sensible Sheep Hints.

The use of a dip that kills the ticks, but not their eggs, simply means postponing the evil. Only the best dips pay for themselves.

The poorly tilled farm with a behind the times owner stands more in the way of successful sheep breeding than all of the dogs in the country.

The appetite of the sheep is something that requires watching. Feed them only such a quantity as they will eat up at one time. To feed more is no advantage to them and is a loss to the feeder.

No man should go into sheep raising or feeding until he has a woven wire fence around his feed lots and pastures. The old time barbed wire with wool hanging to it is a relic of the past on an up to date sheep farm.

Fat Cows Expensive.

No one can afford to keep a fat dairy cow. If a cow gets fat while in milk she uses too much of her feed for other purposes than making milk of it. A cow that has a good appetite eats heartily and keeps thin in flesh while giving milk is usually a good one to keep.

Feeding to Young Calf.

The calves should be fed the warm milk from the mother and fed at least three times a day. When the calf is about two weeks old sweet milk from the separator can be added to the whole milk, about half and half.

Get The Genuine Always.

A substitute is a dangerous makeshift especially in medicine. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs and colds quickly and is in a yellow package. Accept no substitutes. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results, and restore the natural action of the kidneys and bladder. They correct irregularities. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

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Heart Troubles

The heart may be weak just the same as the eyes, stomach or other organs. It often happens that a person is born with a weak heart. Then again disease, fevers, over-exertion, anxiety, nervousness, rheumatism, etc. weaken the heart. The result is shortness of breath, palpitation, pain in the heart, or in some of the nerves of the chest or abdomen. The heart should be strengthened with a tonic, and for this nothing equals Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.

"I had LaGrippe last fall as I thought in a mild form. I was weak, tired feeling, and short of breath; could hardly go about, and a good deal of the time sort of an asthmatic breathing and extremely nervous. I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Nervine and now I feel so much better in every way. I am so thankful that I began taking this medicine, and shall not hesitate to tell others how much good it has done me."
MRS. F. J. NORTON,
Freeville, New York.

Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, and we authorize him to return price of first bottle (only) if it fails to benefit you.
Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind

FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION

Bellefonte Trust Company.

CAPITAL, $125,000.00 - - - - - - SURPLUS, $30,000.00

Call and examine our Savings Department.

Acts as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Trustee and Assignee.

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You Must Read This if you Want the Benefit.

J. W. Greer, Greenwood, La., suffered with a severe case of lumbago "The pains were so intense I was forced to hypodermic injections for relief. These attacks started with a pain in the small of my back which gradually became fairly paralysing. My attention was attracted to Foley's Kidney Remedy and I am glad to say after using this wonderful medicine I am no longer bothered in any way by my old enemy lumbago." Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Worse than an alarm of fire at night is the metallic cough of croup, bringing dread to the household. Careful mothers keep Foley's Honey and Tar in the house and give it at the first sign of danger. It contains no opiates. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Boy Wanted.

A boy 18 or 19 years wanted to drive grocery wagon. Inquire of E. I. Gillen, Bellefonte, Pa.

PILES RUDY'S PILE Suppository
A cure guaranteed if you use
Graded Schools, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devore, Raven Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 22 years, I have found no remedy to equal yours." Price, 50 Cents. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists. D. Matt. Thompson, Sup't
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Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
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Lime for Chemical and Building purposes.
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We are the Largest lime manufacturers in Pennsylvania.
Prompt shipment by any Railroad.

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American Lime & Stone Company,

Write for literature on Lime and its uses.

Office: TYRONE, PA.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder William Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers in the last week:

Catherine Beezer et al to Robert Hartle, October 24, 1910, tract land in Benner township; $1000.

Catherine Beezer et al to Thomas Bertram, October 24, 1910, tract land in Benner township; $1000.

Mary J. Shannon et al to Catherine Hoover, November 14, 1910, tract land in Moshannon; $50.

Abraham Weber et ux to G. W. Fisher, May 23, 1910, tract land in Howard Borough; $450.

M. Crock et ux to Sarah Lyons, September 26, 1865, tract land in Howard township; $250.

J. T. Lucas et ux to Catherine Hoover, November 12, 1906, tract land in Moshannon; $700.

W. E. Hurley, Sheriff, to Jared Harper, November 14, 1910, tract land in Spring township; $25.

W. E. Hurley, Sheriff, to Jared Harper, November 24, 1910, tract land in Bellefonte; $300.

Samuel Lyons et al to William Lyons, November 1, 1910, tract land in Howard township; $158.33.

M. S. Snyder's admrs., to J. N. Krumrine, September 6, 1893, tract land in State College; $1833.

Joseph Cunkle et ux to Harriett M. Irwin, November 15, 1910, tract land in Rush township; $2400.

Reminiscence of Gen. Scott.

Rear-Admiral Schley was called upon for a speech at a dinner of the Aztec Club, an organization formed upon the achievements of the Mexican War. Naturally reference was made to General Winfield Scott and other officers who had won renown in the Mexican campaigns. Admiral Schley recalled a dinner in the early sixties, soon after he had been graduated from Annapolis. General Scott was present, and, by a curious coincidence or design, there were also present Winfield Scott Hancock, Winfield Scott Jacobs, Winfield Scott Stearns and Winfield Scott Schley. "General Scott occupied the head of the table," said Admiral Schley, "and, with all the dignity and imperiousness of his manner, made quite a little speech. He alluded to the fact that four young men present, wearing the uniform of the army or navy, were his namesakes. He expressed his gratitude for the honor conferred by their parents, 'and,' he added, 'I hope to God that some of them will amount to something.' You all know about Hancock," continued the admiral. "Jacobs became a brigadier-general and was killed in the Civil War. I have lost sight of Stearns. For myself, you gentlemen all know that I, at least, was the subject of a tremendous controversy. Perhaps the shade of him whose mighty name we bore is satisfied."—*Leslie's.*

Chicken Pie.

"Dress clean and cut up two fowls or chickens," says Woman's Home Companion. "Put a kettle on range with three pints of water; as soon as water reaches the boiling-point, add chicken, a few pieces at a time, otherwise the boiling will be stopped, and the water thus cooled will draw out so much of the flavor that the chicken will become tasteless. When all is added, cover and cook slowly until meat is tender, adding one-half tablespoonful of salt during the last half-hour of the cooking. Remove chicken and discard skin and some of the larger bones. Strain stock, skin off fat and then cook until reduced to four cupfuls. Thicken with one fourth of a cupful of butter mixed with one third of a cupful of flour. Season with salt and pepper. Arrange chicken in serving-dish, strain over gravy, let stand over-night and reheat for serving. Make a decorated cover of a rich pie-crust. It is much better to bake the paste separately and reheat before covering the pie."

Body braces that were $2, selling for $1, at Green's.

The Peach-Tree Borer.

A Phoenixville correspondent submitted the following questions to Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg, Pa.:

1. Are Peach-tree borers working at this time of year, and what becomes of them in the winter?

2. Where do they come from, and how can we save our trees from their attacks?

3. Would filling in with pure sand around the base of the tree, and painting with coal tar to six or seven inches above the ground be effective?

Professor Surface answered the inquiries as follows:

"The Peach-tree borers continue to feed during the fall until actual severe freezing weather, and then they merely remain dormant and commence to feed again in the early spring, when they really do their worst damage. They come from eggs which are laid by a clear-wing day-flying moth, which in color and actions very much resembles a wasp. In June and mid-summer they become dormant chrysalids and transform into moths.

"I doubt if filling around the trees with sand alone would do much good. Painting with coal tar would certainly keep them away, but there is danger of injury to the trees by so doing. The best preventive that I have found is to wash or spray the base of the peach tree, about the middle of June, using the boiled lime-sulphur wash, the same as for San Jose scale, and apply this again about the middle of August.

"I have now a letter before me from a man who writes, that he found this very effective. Not one tree in one hundred so treated was infested with the borer. In my experiments I found it wholly reliable in protecting trees from borers, and it was also beneficial on the trees. They were not damaged in the least. This will not kill the borers that are in the tree, but will prevent them from entering. When they are once beneath the bark, they should be removed with a knife and wire, cutting lengthwise of the tree, but not across it any more than is necessary. By all means remove them at this time of year rather than wait until spring. Look over your trees again in about two weeks, and look for the fine sawdust casting in the gum coming out of the holes. If the gum is clear, the borers are all out. If the sawdust-like castings are present, there are more borers that should be removed. If they are all out, remound the trees with earth to a height of one-half foot. This puts them in proper condition for the winter."

Made a Pretty Gift.

"The crowd of young girls all married and went to different places to live," says Florence Bernard in Woman's Home Companion for December. "One of them happened to live in the country, for she had married a farmer and this year the girl from the country sent each of the brides a gift which delighted their domestic hearts.

"She cut large yellow pumpkins in halves and, after removing the seeds, placed a plump dressed chicken in each and heaped it about with potatoes, apples, and vegetables sufficient for the Xmas dinner. Sprigs of holly and a bow of red ribbon made it a gift to be proud of."

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, a single dose of Doan's Regulets is enough. Treatment cures habitual constipation. 25 cents a box. Ask your druggist for them.

Legal Notice.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested, that the following inventories of the goods and chattels set apart to widows under the provisions of the Act of April the 14th, 1851, have been confirmed Nisi by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court of Centre County, and if no exceptions be filed on or about the first day of next term, the same will be confirmed absolutely.

1. The inventory and appraisement of the personal property of Leonard Messmer, late of Gregg township, deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Maria Messmer.

2. The inventory and appraisement of the personal property of John S. Auman, late of Potter township, deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Catherine Auman.

3. The inventory and appraisement of the personal property of J. W. Haffly, late of Haines township, deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Mary A. Haffly.

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And Pacific Coast Red Cedar Shingles, we bought a large stock and will sell at the present low prices while they last. Odd lots of moulding, sash and lumber at specially low prices.

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Office, Yard and Mill at Lamb st. Bridge, Bellefonte, Pa.

FUNERAL COSTUMES.

Their Extravagance Curbed by Law at One Time In England.

Sumptuary mourning laws were formerly found necessary in England to restrict the extravagance of the nobility and their imitators in the matter of funeral costume. At the end of the fifteenth century it was laid down that dukes, marquises and archbishops should be allowed sixteen yards of cloth for their gowns, "sloppes" (mourning cassocks) and mantles; earls fourteen, viscounts twelve, barons eight, knights six and all persons of inferior degree only two. Hoods were forbidden to all except those above the rank of esquire of the king's household.

In the following century Margaret, countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., issued an ordinance for the "reformation of apparel for great estates of women in tyme of mournings." So it seems that men and women have met in the extravagance of sorrow.

Even 200 years ago London tradesmen found that court mourning seriously affected their business. Addison relates that at a tavern he often met a man whom he took for an ardent and eccentric royalist. Every time this man looked through the Gazette he exclaimed, "Thank God, all the reigning families of Europe are well." Occasionally he would vary this formula by making reassuring remarks respecting the health of British royalists. After some time Addison discovered that this universal royalist was a colored silk merchant, who never made a bargain without inserting in the agreement, "All this will take place as long as no royal personage dies in the interval."—London Chronicle.

MENTAL INFLUENCES.

The State of the Mind Has a Direct Effect Upon the Body.

A good deal is said in these days about the effect of mind on matter in the way of the cure of disease, but less is heard about mental influences as a cause of bodily ills, yet it is an old truth that the state of mind has a direct effect on the body. The gloom and depression caused by worry and anxiety create a morbid condition of the physical system. It is impossible to feel well physically when the mind and spirits are downcast. The blood does not circulate properly, appetite fails, the head aches, and if these morbid conditions continue more deep seated ailments are likely to arise, and cancer may be one of them.

With many persons a fit of anger is followed by an attack of indigestion. Excitement destroys the appetite, bad news creates nausea, fright causes faintness, and so on. Violent or depressing emotions always disturb the equilibrium of body and mind alike. This being the case, it is inevitable that when these emotions often recur or become continuous serious physical results will follow. The obvious lesson is, then, that mental serenity tends to health—is, in fact, an essential element of health—and that instead of resorting to mind "cures" after the health is broken it is wise to preserve the serenity as a preventive and safeguard against disease.—Indianapolis Star.

Lordly Disraeli.

Disraeli once told a lady that two possessions which were indispensable to other people he had always done without. "I made," she said, "every kind of conjecture, but without success, and on my asking him to enlighten me he solemnly answered that they were a watch and an umbrella. 'But how do you manage,' I asked, 'if there happens to be no clock in the room and you want to know the time?' 'I ring for a servant,' was the magniloquent reply. 'Well,' I continued, 'and what about the umbrella? What do you do, for instance, if you are in the park and are caught in a sudden shower?' 'I take refuge,' he replied, with a smile of excessive gallantry, 'under the umbrella of the first pretty woman I meet.'"

Easier to Write It.

In 1871 Edward Lear was staying with the governor of Bombay at Mahabaleshwar, the hill station of the Bombay presidency. I was there and took a walk with him one day. He asked me the name of some trees. I told him thy were called "jambul" trees in India. He immediately produced his sketch book and in his inimitable style drew a bull looking into a jam pot. He said it would help him to remember the name.—London Spectator.

Pleasant Prospect.

"Yo' isn't stopped at de Palace hotel befo', is yo', boss?" inquired the colored man who was piloting a just arrived traveler from the railway station to the hostelry.

"No. But what makes you sure of it?"

"Uhkase yo' gwine dar now, sah."—Puck.

Amiability Rules.

Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person the more necessary do fact and courtesy become.—Holmes.

Admitted.

She—Oh, I have no doubt you love me, but your love lacks the supreme touch—unselfishness.

"What makes you say that?"

"You admit it. You want me for yourself alone, you say."

The Utopia of today is the reality of tomorrow.—Passy.

Register's Notices.

The following accounts have been examined, passed and filed of record in the Register's Office for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors and all others in anywise interested, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Centre County for confirmation on Wednesday, the 7th. day of December, A. D. 1910.

1. The first and final account of J. D. Garber, Executor of the last will and testament of Sarah Garber, late of Taylor township, deceased.

2. The first and final account of Elmer C. Ross, Guardian of Pearl C. Gray, a minor child of Sarah M. Gray, deceased, the said minor being now of age.

3. The first and final account of Elmer C. Ross, Guardian of Ruth Fogleman, a minor child of Conrad and Lucy Fogleman, deceased, the said minor being now of age.

4. The twelfth annual account of George R. Meek, Trustee of the estate of Thomas R. Reynolds, late of Bellefonte Borough, deceased, being from April 1st, 1909 to April 1st, 1910.

5. The first and final account of George W. Nearhood, Administrator of the estate of Catherine Nearhood, late of the Borough of Centre Hall, deceased.

6. The fifth and final account of Solomon Peck, Executor of the last will and testament of Henry Brown, late of Walker township, deceased.

7. The first and final account of D. S. Moore, Executor of the estate of Wm. A. Moore, late of Philipsburg Borough, deceased.

8. The second account of Laird H. Barber, Executor of the last will and testament of Jane R. VanValzah, late of Centre County, deceased.

9. The final account of Harry E. Harper, Executor of Susan Harper, late of Rush township, deceased.

10. The first and final account of Daniel Daup, administrator of &c., of Catherine Daup, late of Potter township, deceased.

11. The first and final account of D. H. Shivery, administrator of &c., of Sallie S. Gray, late of Bellefonte Borough, deceased.

12. Theaccount of David Dale, Executor under the last will and testament of Anna Dale Roller, late of College township, deceased.

13. The first partial account of Rebecca Cummings and A. J. Cummings, Administrators of John Cummings, late of Potter township, deceased.

14. The first and final accounnt of Ida B. Glossner, administratrix of &c., of Sampson Glossner, late of Miles township, deceased.

15. The first account of W. G. Runkle, Trustee, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Centre County, of the last will and testament of Amanda Walker, late of Boggs township, deceased.

EARLE C. TUTEN,
Register.

Register's office,
Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 8th. 1910.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, Pa., and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 5th. 1910.

at 1.30 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate to wit:

All those two certain pieces or parts of land situated in the village of Casanova, Rush Township, Centre County, Pa., bounded and described as follows:

No. 1. Beginning at Turnpike Street in the Southeastwardly Corner of Lot No. 6; running thence northerly along said lot one hundred and fifty feet to an alley; thence eastwardly along said alley fifty feet to lot No. 10; thence southwardly along lot No. 10 one hundred and fifty feet to Turnpike Street; thence westwardly along Turnpike Street fifty feet to the place of beginning, being known in the plan of said village as Lot No. 8.

No. 2. Beginning at a point on the northerly side of Turnpike Street at the southeastwardly corner of lot No. 8, running thence northwardly along said lot No. 8. 150 feet to an alley; thence eastwardly along said alley 50 feet to Lot. 12; thence southwardly along said lot No. 12 150 feet to Turnpike Street; thence westwardly along Turnpike Street 150 feet to the place of beginning, and being known in the plan of said village as Lot No. 10, having thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house and other outbuildings.

Seized taken into execution and to be sold as the property of E. L. Remsnyder and M. Remsnyder.

TERMS OF SALE:—No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.

W. E. HURLEY,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office,
Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 10th. 1910. 11-17-3t

Notice in Divorce.

Jesse C. McClenahan, vs. Emma McClenahan } In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 9 Dec. Term 1908 In Divorce, A. V. M.

To Emma McClenahan: Whereas your husband Jesse C. McClenahan, has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 9 December term 1908 praying for a Divorce against you. Now you are hereby notified and requested to appear in said Court on or before, Monday, December 5th., 1910, to answer the complaint of your husband Jesse C. McClenahan to show cause if any you have why the said Jesse C. McClenahan should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you and in default of such appearance, you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

W. E. HURLEY,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office,
Bellefonte, Pa., November 9th. 1910. 11-10-4t

Court Proclamation!

Whereas the Honorable Ellis L. Orvis, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th. Judicial District, consisting of the county of Centre, having issued his precept, bearing date the 20th day of October, 1910, to me directed for holding in Court of Common Pleas, Orphans' Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the

FIRST MONDAY OF DECEMBER,

being the 5th. day of December, 1910, and to continue two weeks.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 5th., with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 9th. day of November, in the year of our Lord, 1910, and the one hundred and thirty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

W. E. HURLEY,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office,
Bellefonte, Pa., November 9, 1910. 10-2-4t

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Maria D. Rhoads, late of Bellefonte Borough.

Letters of Administration in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Centre County, Pennsylvania, all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make payment and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same duly authenicated without delay to

EDWARD K. RHOADS, Executor,
11-3 Bellefonte, Pa.

Executor's Notice.

In the estate of Emil Joseph late of Bellefonte Borough, Centre county, deceased.

Letters testamentary in the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay.

SIEGMUND JOSEPH, Executor.
N. B. Spangler, Bellefonte, Pa.
Attorney. 11-3

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Harry Keller,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Clement Dale,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

J. Thomas Mitchell,
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Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Gettig, Bower & Zerby
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Practice in all the courts, and collections promptly attended to. Office, Eagle Block, Bellefonte, Pa.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writs of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pa., and to me directed there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in the Borough of Bellefonte Pa., on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 5th. 1910.

at 1.30 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate to wit:

All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situated in Howard township, Centre County, state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows to wit: Beginning on bank of Bald Eagle creek thence by lands of David Schenck North twenty-six and one-half degrees West one hundred and forty-six perches to a post; thence by lands of said Schenck and other property of Mollie Miller South fifty-seven and one-fourth degrees West seventy-two perches to side of public road; thence by lands now or formerly of John D. Neff South twenty-eight and one-half degrees East one hundred forty-five and nine-tenth perches to Bald Eagle creek, thence down the bank at low water mark of said creek North forty-two degrees East ten and five-tenth perches; thence North fifty six degrees East twenty seven perches thence North sixty-four and one-half degrees east sixteen perches; thence North sixty-nine degrees East thirteen perches to the place of beginning. Containing sixty-one (61) acres be the same more or less. Subject to the reservations in favor of the Howard Iron Works their heirs and assigns to the use and maintenance of what is known as the "Howard Dam" in said Creek as reference to Miscellaneous Book "F" page 1. in the Recorders Office of Centre County, will more fully appear.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Mollie Miller.

TERMS OF SALE—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid in full.

W. E. HURLEY,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office,
Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 16th 1910. 11-17-3t.

Executor's Notice.

In the Estate of John P. Rockey, late of Walker Twp., dec'd.

Letters Testamentary in the above estate, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate, are requested to make payment; those having claims to present the same, duly probated, without delay.

ABIGAIL C. ROCKEY, Zion, Pa.
J. C. Meyer, Executrix.
Attorney. 11-17-6t.

FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION

Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall. 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:55 P. M.

Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:33 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th. 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.20	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7.25	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	f 7.27	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag.

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	f 3.30
	State College	8.00	11.50	5.00
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.07
	Waddles	8.20	12.10	f 5.25
	Briarly	f 8.24	.....	f 5.30
	Fillmore	f 8.28	12.18	f 5.35
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.43
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	12.30	5.55
Ar.	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	6.0

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with trains No. 3 and 5 for State College. Afternoon trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., December 1, 1910.

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub.

Subscription rate, $1 a year, strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

The Republican and the New York Tribune Farmer, $1.50 a year in Advance.

——"Advertising Rates. ——

One Column, 1 year.....$100
One Half Column, 1 year..... 60
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 35
Legal Notices (if no special contract exists) 10 cents per line, each insertion, nonpareil measure.

GEO. ROBB'S BUTCHERING

Two Fine Porkers Killed; Merry Party Attends Turkey Dinner.

Ever attend a butchering out at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Robb, a short distance beyond Coleville?

No?

Then you have missed a rare treat. We had our first experience on Tuesday, last, and we wouldn't have missed it for anything. For days and days George had been telling us to be ready to attend his annual butchering. On Monday he dropped into "The Republican" office to announce that everything was ready and that 11 o'clock, on Tuesday, was the hour set for the turkey and chicken dinner. On Tuesday we were driven to the Robb home by Sheriff Hurley and the next two hours were made so delightful that they will linger as a pleasant memory for many a day to come.

Early Tuesday morning Christ Eckley and Charles Hartsock, who served as the butchers, killed and carved two monster porkers, cleaning up the operation in forty-five minutes. The two porkers weighed 700 pounds and when the hams, spare ribs, etc., were arrayed in the smokehouse, they presented a sight that would tempt a church-goer to go wrong.

While the butchering was in progress a delicious turkey and chicken dinner was being prepared and by cooks who know how to cook. About noon George Robb, who was general master of ceremonies, with Mrs. Robb, after all the real boss, summoned a number of guests to dinner. A monster turkey, six chickens, spare ribs, mashed potatoes, stewed corn, stewed peas and forty or more other and equally tempting dishes constituted about one-third of the assortment of food on the table when the guests entered the room. Hard Harris and Sheriff Hurley had carved the turkey and chickens in advance. Sheriff Hurley had the seat at the head of the table and served the turkey. Everything on the table was so good and so nicely cooked that it was only with difficulty that the first group of guests were induced to leave the table to make room for the second group. While the dinner was in progress numerous jokes were played on the visitors. Four or five delicious layer cakes, numerous pies, puddings, etc., constituted the desert. When Hard Harris was about half-way through eating a piece of cake he found a miniature china doll baby as a suggestion that he is too good a fellow to always remain a bachelor. James S. Schofield, the harness man, and Captain Hugh S. Taylor, were late in arriving and had dinner with the second group. Imagine the consternation of jolly Mr. Schofield when he bit into a luscious piece of cake, only to find that it, too, contained a china doll baby. When the laughter had subsided, Mr. Schofield, still quite red in the face, remarked:

"Sure, Mrs. Robb, and that's the first one I've been able to lay claim to these last twenty-five years."

Before departing for home, all present congratulated Mr. and Mrs. Robb and thanked them for making possible such a good time. Those in attendance included Mr. and Mrs. George Robb, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robb, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Robb, Abraham Robb, Mrs. Thomas Speace, Mrs. J. Kelley, Mrs. Harriett Meyers, Mrs. Amanda Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Lose, Josephine Miss White, Sheriff Hurley, Captain H. S. Taylor, Hard P. Harris, James S. Schofield, David J. Kelley, Joseph Davis, Charles Hartsock, Christ Eckley and the editor of "The Republican."

Young Man's Sad Death.

A sad death was that of George E. Sharp, at Tyrone, on Friday, last, following an illness of a comparatively few days. The young man was a son of William S. Sharp, of this place. He had been ill from acute nephritis, but on Thanksgiving day he had so far recovered that he was able to leave his boarding house. That night, however, he was seized with a severe chill. He was removed to the Elks home and there physicians worked over him until about one o'clock, on Friday afternoon, when he died. Deceased was a splendid young man and was born at Petersburg, Huntingdon County, March 6, 1884, making his age 26 years, 8 months and 18 days. He was a moulder by trade and for a time was employed by the Tyrone Foundry and Machine Company, in which town he spent the greater part of his life. He was a devout member of the Catholic church and actively identified with the Tyrone lodge of Elks. His mother died about nine years ago. Surviving are the young man's father and the following brothers and sisters: John, Mrs. Warren Reighard and Mrs. Roger O'Mara, all of Tyrone; Charles, of Chicago, and William, of Roscoe, Pa.

Events Recalled By Quaint Old Papers

We publish this week the first of two installments of the autobiography of General Samuel Miles, penned by him more than a century ago. As related in these columns last week, General Miles, who was the great-grandfather of F. Potts Green, of this place, was the founder of Milesburg and prominently identified with the earliest iron furnaces built in Centre county. One of General Miles' sons built the home which now is the fine residence of William P. Humes, at the corner of Allegheny and Howard streets.

The first installment of General Miles' autobiography follows:

"February 4th, 1802.

"Having at present no particular employment and not being accustomed to being totally idle, I have begun to write down the principal occurrences of my life from my youth to the present time. The whole narrative will be from memory, therefore it is probable that some circumstances may be omitted that I might have thought proper to mention if I had recollected them. It cannot be expected that I shall be perfectly correct in dates, nor is it very material. for my object is merely to pass away my time innocently at least, if not profitably, and to create in the breasts of my children a desire of imitation, so far as they shall discover in my conduct proper and useful examples for their imitation.

"My grandfathers and grandmothers on both sides, came into this country from Wales (I believe from Radnorshire) in the same ship with William Penn on his second voyage, and landed, if I mistake not, in the year 1682. My father and mother were born in this country and maintained the character of reputable and honest people but never attained to any considerable affluence. I was born on the 11th of March, 1739, O. S., and had a common country education. Reading, writing and a superficial knowledge of figures was the sum total of my school learning. I lived principally at home with my father (I had lost my mother when I was 9 or 10 years old), but sometimes worked with my elder brothers, who were house carpenters and joiners.

"In the Fall of 1755, the defeat of Gen. Braddock's army, at the Monongahela River, there were several companies of militia sent into Northampton and other frontier counties to guard the inhabitants. One of these companies was raised by Isaac Wayne, father of the late Gen. Wayne, with whom I entered as a volunteer, being then turned sixteen years of age. Our company, with some others, was ordered to Northampton County and rendezvoused at Easton, under the command of Gen. Doctor Benjamin Franklin, for some days, until the arrival of a New England gentleman by the name of Clapham, who took upon him the command. Dr. Franklin returned to Philadelphia soon after we were ordered to a place called Canoten Hallen, a Moravian town and settlement, the inhabitants of which had all been massacred by the Indians. We erected a stockade fort there to which was given the name of Fort Allen. This fall and winter were spent in erecting a number of stockade forts on the frontier of Northampton County.

"In the month of February 1756, we were relieved and discharged, soon after which there was two battalions of troops directed by an Act of Assembly to be raised in the pay of Pennsylvania, and I again entered the service as a sergeant in Capt. Thomas Lloyd's company at my arrival at John Harris's, where the second battalion which was intended to march against the Indians at Shamokin rendezvoused, under the immediate command of the Governor of the Province, Robert Hunter Morris. I was selected to attend the Commander-in-Chief as orderly sergeant, in which capacity I continued until a day or two before the Governor left us, when he was pleased to give me an ensign commission, and with it most friendly advice with respect to my future conduct, which I trust was not altogether thrown away. I was just then turned of seventeen years of age. I have been more particular in this relation than I should otherwise have been to show that my first appointment into office was owing to my own merit, or at least good conduct, and not to the influence of a recommendation by persons who might be supposed to have influence with the Governor. I still contiued in Capt. Lloyd's company at his request, he having taken a fancy to me while I served as a volunteer in Northampton County, where he also served, I believe, in the capacity of surgeon.

"As soon as the troops were collected and properly equipped, we marched for Shamokin, an Indian town, the inhabitants of which had been very troublesome to the frontier settlements. We crossed the Susquehanna and marched on the west side thereof until we came opposite to where the town of Sunbury now stands, where we crossed over in batteaux, and I had the honor of being the first man that put his foot on the shore in landing. In building the fort at Shamokin, Capt. Levy Trump and myself had charge of the workmen, and after it was finished our battalion remained there in garrison until the year 1758. In the summer of 1757 I was nearly taken prisoner by the Indians. At about half a mile distance from the fort stood a large tree that bore excellent plums in an open piece of ground, near what is now called the 'Bloody Spring.' Lieut. S. Atlee and myself took a walk one day to this tree to gather plums. While we were there a party of Indians lay a short distance from us concealed in a thicket and had nearly got between us and the fort when a soldier, belonging to a bullock guard not far from us, came to the spring to drink. The Indians were thereby in danger of being discovered and in consequence theaeof fired at and killed the soldier, by which means we got off and returned to the fort in much less time than we were in coming out.

"In the year 1758 the expedition against Fort duQuesne, now Pittsburg, was undertaken and our battalion joined the British army at Carlisle. At this time Capt. Lloyd had been promoted to the rank of Lieut. Colonel but retained his company of which I had the command as Captain- Lieutenant, and was left for some weeks in command of the garrison at Shippensburg. On my marching from thence, with a brigade of wagons in my charge, at Chambers, about eleven miles from Shippensburg, the men mutinied and were preparing to march off, but by my reasoning with and at the same time threatening them, the most of them consented to continue their march to Fort Louden, where Lieut Lloyd was with eight or ten months pay, the want of which was the cause of their mutiny. However, one man absolutely refused to go, upon which I laid my hand on my sword and he immediately presented his musket. I knocked up the point of the musket and it went off over my head. By this time my passion was raised to such a degree that I did not recollect what passed afterward until I found myself beating him with my fists as he lay upon the ground. When my reason returned I saw that I had beat him severely and therefore desisted. The man lay for some time to appearance dead and several attempts were made to bleed him before any blood could be obtained. I was told that he was absolutely dead and I had written a letter to Lieut. Col. Lloyd before there was the least sign of life. He did, however, breathe and, on a further attempt to bleed him, blood was obtained, after which he recovered so far as to be brought into the house and put to bed, where he remained for some weeks before he recovered perfectly. On the surgeon's arrival it was found that I had pierced his breast with my sword, which glanced up the breast bone three or four inches. This settled the business perfectly with the other men who proceeded on their march without further disturbance.

"While the army lay at Legonier we were attacked by a body of French and Indians and I was wounded in the foot by a spent ball, which did not injure me materially. In November of this year, the army took possession of Fort du Quesne under the command of General Forbes, a poor, emaciated old man, who was for the most part of our march obliged to be carried in a horde litter. Our company returned to Legonier, where Lieut. Lloyd commanded a great part of the year 1759. On the 7th of March 1759, I left Legonier with an escort of pack horses, loaded chiefly with flour, and on my arrival at Port Pitt I found Col. Mercer (late Gen. Mercer who was killed at Prince Town) had marched against the French garrison at Venango, now the town of Franklin, and that Capt. Clayton, who was proceeding up the Allegheny River with batteaux containing provisions, had been defeated by a party of Indians and obliged to return. A council of war was held immediately upon my arrival and it was determined that I should cross the river and proceed after Col. Mercer with the escort under my command. I did so and in marching next day I crossed one creek two and twenty times, always above my knees and generally up to my waist in water. On the second day I met Col. Mercer returning, the waters had raised so high he could not proceed.

"In the year 1759 I was stationed at Legonier and had twenty-five picked men out of the two battalions under my particular command, with whom, after burning the wood for several miles around the breast works, I traversed the wood almost every day but never could fall in with the enemy, although they were frequently doing mischief on one side of the garrison when I was within hearing on the other side. Those parties of Indians were generally headed by a Canadian, a Frenchman named Beauby, who came to Philadelphia after Canada was ceded to the English and called to see me. He had seen me so often in the woods that he knew me at first sight and told me that he had his gun up to shoot me three times one day but finding he could take no advantage of my party was afraid to fire. He also said that I was so near to him one day that he had not time to pick up his handkerchief which a twig had taken off his head. This handkerchief I got but did not know at the time it belonged to him.

"In the year 1760 I obtained a Captain's commission and recruited a company principally in Lancaster. At the end of that campaign I was left in command of the garrison at Presquisle, on Lake Erie, and was relieved by the Royal Americans in the beginning of December. On the 12th of December I left Lake Erie with all the Pennsylvania troops and at La Banff I found two batteaux, which I landed into French creeks and embarked my party except a few men who I sent with the horses and baggage by land. We had not proceeded far when we came to a lake in French Creek which was entirely frozen over. However, with much difficulty, we broke through the ice and got to where the town of Franklin now stands, there, after drawing provisions, we embarked in a large canoe and came down the Allegheny river, which was frequently choked by the ice for many rods. On the second day, about sunset, the men insisted on going on shore and became so intemperate and mutinous on my refusal that I expected they would have thrown me overboard. However, I persisted in continuing on board and pursuing our voyage and about nine o'clock at night we got to Fort Pitt.

"The next day the river was frozen and might have been walked over without any danger. From Fort Pitt I proceeded by land and suffered exceedingly with the cold and frost. Out of about seventy men forty odd were frozen more or less before we reached habitation. I got to Philadelphia on the 26th of January 1761, having discharged the greater part of the men on the way, according to their desire. On the 16th of February 1761 I married and settled in Philadelphia, and after I became reconciled with my wife's father, for I married without his consent, I got into business, principally in the rum and wine trade, but part of the time in the dry goods business also.

"In the year 1766 I was elected one of the Wardens of the City, in which office I continued three years. At the expiration of which time I was elected one of the Commissioners for the City and County of Philadelphia, in which office I also served three years. I was also elected a Manager of the House of Employ, for two years; on its first institution. In 1772 I was elected a member of the General Assembly. In the year 1774 I retired to the country, having purchased a plantation adjoining Spring Mills the year before, and declining to serve in the Legislature of this year. Nevertheless, I took an early and active part in opposition to the Parliament of Great Britain, which claimed the right by binding this country by its acts in all cases. I recruited the second company of militia that was raised in Pennsylvania on that occasion from the township of White Marsh, and was appointed to a seat in all the committees of the County. When the militia were formed into regiments, I was elected to the command as Colonel of the militia collected in the townships of White Marsh, Plymouth and Germantown."

Next week we shall publish the concluding installment of the interesting old paper written by General Miles.

The editor of "The Republican" is especially grateful to Miss Mary H. Linn, for a volume of this newspaper, published in 1869, which was the year the paper was established. To us the volume is particularly interesting. It contains numerous items which will no doubt be interesting and instructive to our readers and which will from time to time be presented in these columns.

Body braces that were $2, selling for $1 at Green's.

A Thanksgiving Wedding.

A Thanksgiving wedding was that of Miss Viola Segner and Harry Bailey, both of Boalsburg, who, accompanied by their pastor, Rev. W. K. Harnish, went to Milton and were married at the home of Jared Mays. The wedding ceremony was performed at 6 o'clock in the evening. Later in the evening, and after a delicious wedding supper, the happy young couple departed on a bridal tour to Williamsport, Pittsburg and Niagara Falls. The groom is a son of S. H. Bailey and is an experienced and popular young farmer. The bride is a daughter of Michael Segner, of Boalsburg, and is a young woman well qualified to take charge of a home. The young couple will make their future home at the Bailey mansion, near Boalsburg. They have the congratulations and best wishes of many admiring friends.

Reports from Hunters.

The wind-up of the deer hunting season yesterday marked the return of quite a few hunters from their respective camps. Reports from this and other counties are that more deer were shot during the season than for many years past. Some of the reports of deer shot follow:

Young Men's Club, of Curtin, 5 deer; Gentzel-Miller party, 4 deer; the Shultz party, of Curtin, 3 deer; Woodward Gun Club, 1 deer; the Pine Run Club, 2 deer and a 200 pound bear; Rebersburg party, 2 deer; Pleasant Gap party, 2 bears; Wingard party, 1 deer and 2 bears; Zimmermans, 2 deer; Julian party, 2 deer; State College crowd, 1 deer; Bradford party, of Centre Hall, 2 deer; and the Horner crowd, of the same place, 2 bears; Chambers-Uzzle party, of Snow Shoe, 3 deer.

Appointed Assessor.

Jacob Harpster, of Pennsylvania Furnace, was last week sworn in as assessor for Ferguson township, the oath being administered by J. Homer Decker, assistant clerk to the County Commissioners. Mr. Harpster was appointed on recommendation of residents of the township. He takes the vacancy created by the resignation of John Homan, who was elected and was unable to serve owing to the fact that this would have interfered with his duties as a school teacher.

William McFarlin Dead.

William McFarlin, father of Mrs. J. B. Burkett, of Warriors-Mark, died at that place on Tuesday of last week. He had been ill for about eighteen months, death resulting from cancer. Deceased was born in Fulton County, October 7, 1825. Funeral services were held at Warriors-Mark on Thursday, interment being made later in the day at Altoona.

Elks Memorial Services.

The Elks memorial services will be held in Petrikin Hall, on Sunday afternoon, December 4, at three o'clock. The address will be delivered by Rev. Dr. J. Allison Platts. This will be the last public address in Bellefonte by Dr. Platts and the public are cordially invited to attend.

STATE OF OHIO, OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY. }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Penny-A-Word Column.

Wanted—Young men to learn automobile business by mail and prepare for positions as chaffeurs and repair men. We make you expert in ten weeks; assist you to secure position. Pay big; work pleasant, demand for men great; reasonable; write for particulars and sample lesson. Empire Automobile Institute, Rochester, N. Y.

Lot For Sale—A desirable lot at Coleville is offered for sale, 150x50 feet; located along tracks of Bellefonte Central Railroad; desirable site for home. For terms apply to Robert Cole, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Agent in your city. No capital needed. Agent make $3.00 to $5.00 daily. Address, Quackenbush, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FOR SALE—Good dwelling house, on easy payments; horse, buggy and harness. T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

ANY LADY can easily make from $18.00 to $25.00 per week working for me quietly in her own home locality. This is a bonafide offer—one which will pay you to investigate, even if you can only spare two hours per day. No investment required. Turn your spare time into money. Write me at once for particulars. Address Mary B. Taylor, Box 30, Woman's Building, Joliet Illinois.

For Sale—Good piano, cheap. Inquire at this office.

Royal is the only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

Highest in Leavening Efficiency

Makes Hot Breads Wholesome

"Daniel Boone on the Trail."

"Daniel Boone on the Trail" is the title of what is said to be an especially interesting play, scheduled for Garman's Opera House on the evening of Wednesday, December 7. The several acts abound with thrilling scenes. Among the full blooded Sioux Indians with the company is "White Swallow," who is 64 years old and said to be the cleverest Indian actor and mimic on the stage.

Death of Jacob F. Beaver.

Jacob F. Beaver died on Wednesday of last week at the home of a daughter, Mrs. Arie Spriggles, at Huntingdon, Deceased was aged 82 years and was born in Franklin County. Surviving are a widow and ten children, one of the latter being Mrs. Elizabeth Meek, of Snow Shoe. Funeral services were held on Friday, with interment at Huntingdon.

For Sale Cheap.

Used engines, boilers, machinery, shafting, boxes, iron pulleys, mandrels, saw mill, automatic mill, lath mill and bolter, iron cylinder, heavy chains for log jack work, smoke stack, 80ft. wrought iron fence and two gates, spark arrester, cast iron pipe 11 inch diameter, two boilers, drag saw, 1 large and two small office desks, one counter with drawers, steel ceiling, odd lot of lumber, moulding, etc.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,
11-10-4t. Bellefonte, Pa.

For Sale.

Farm located at Howard, Pa., forty-one acres, ten acre apple orchard, seven room house, bank barn, running water at barn and house. Five minutes walk from P. R. R. Station. Price $2800.

T. O. STUTZMAN,
Williamsport, Pa,

Bellefonte Markets.

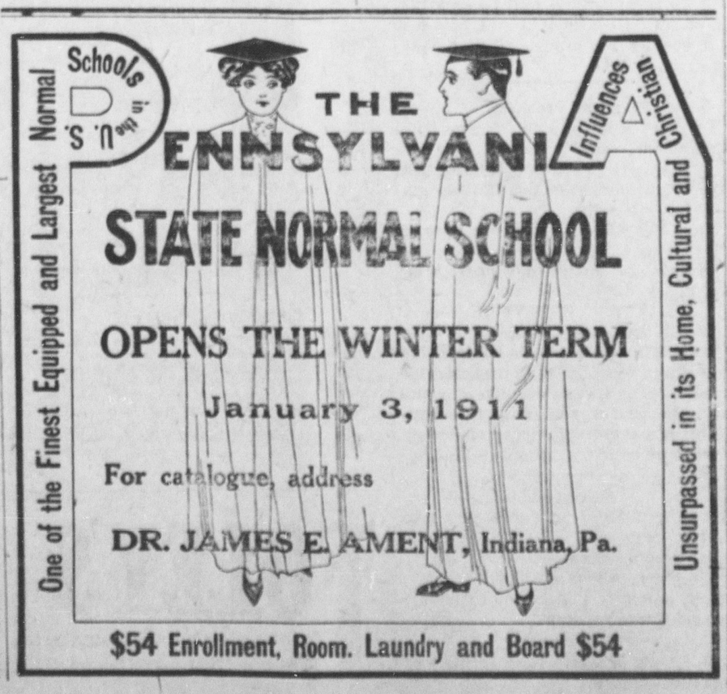
Corrected by the John Meese store.

Eggs, per dozen	.35
Butter, per pound	.32
Lard, per pound	.14
Tallow, per pound	.05
Potatoes, per bushel	.40
Onions, yellow, per bushel	.60

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.85
Wheat, red	.90
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.50
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.50
Oats, (per bu.)	.35
Rye, (per bu.)	.65
Barley, (per bu.)	.60
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50


Schools in the U. S.
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OPENS THE WINTER TERM
January 3, 1911
For catalogue, address
DR. JAMES E. AMENT, Indiana, Pa.
Unsurpassed in its Home, Cultural and Christian Influences
$54 Enrollment, Room. Laundry and Board $54

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

C. M. Muffley has returned from the bedside of his aged father at Meadow Grove, Neb., and reports him to be in better health.

Fred Leathers has gone to Mt. Clemens, Mich., with a view of an invigorating rest.

Samuel Holter returned to Painsville, Ohio, on Saturday after a two weeks visit to his home here.

Wm. Schenck, ot Williamsport, was in Howard over Thanksgiving.

Mrs. J. A. Kuntds, of Columbus, Ohio, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Holter. On Saturday last she accompanied her brothers Walter and Cameron on a visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hall, at Unionville.

Joseph D. Diehl made a business trip to Altoona and Pittsburg the latter part of last week.

Miss Kathrine Bathurst and Miss Turner, of Lock Haven, visited at the home of John Turner over Sunday.

The interesting bunch of Howad girls who are students of the Lock Haven Normal, spent Thanksgiving at their respective homes.

Miss Alice Pletcher is home from Boyertown, Pa,, suffering an attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. Mabel Pletcher Mann, who had been visiting in Pittsburg, has returned to the home of her parents here.

Miss Katherine Bechdel, of State College, visited in town over Sunday.

A bunch of our young fellows enjoyed a goose roast at Robb's restaurant last Wednesday night. Mr. Robb had the roast done to perfection and it was embellished with all that could be desired for an excellent feast. Those who surrounded the board were, A. A. Schenck, Philip Holter, Thomas and Frank Robb, George Long, Walter Strunk, Bernard Long, Chester Moore, Samuel Schenck, Harry Wetzel, Frank Williams, and Haupt Bower.

Two crews of telephone linemen of the P. R. R. passed through here on Sunday, making some additional arrangements to the ringing apparatus of the Company's telephone system.

Presiding Elder Rev. J. C. Reeser of the Central Pa. conference of the Evangelical church, conducted quarterly conference here Saturday and quarterly meeting Sunday forenoon.

Clyde Long returned home on Saturday from a hunting trip with the Joe Bechdel crew. They secured three deer and one bear.

Edward Bathurst, of Orviston, spent Sunday in Howard.

Miss Lulu Stover and Miss Stoner, of Mill Hall, were Thanksgiving day guests at the home of A. Weber.

Prof. A. C. Weirick, of Lock Haven, spent a few days here.

Mrs. S. H. Bennison and daughter, Helen, were Beech Creek visitors on Sunday.

William Weber spent a few days with the hunters last week.

The greater number of the Howard members of the Masonic fraternity, attended the Knights Templar banquet at Bellefonte last Wednesday night.

Benjamin Swartz, of Hublersburg, was a Howard visitor on Sunday.

Mrs. George D. Johnson, who has been in a critical condition for the past week, does not give much encouragement to her many anxious friends.

At the administrator's sale of the John M. Heverly property on Saturday purchase was made by our enterprising young blacksmith Charles E. Pletcher. The price paid was $1765. The house was remodeled a short time prior to the death of Mr. Heverly and is a very desirable home.

The McCloskey-Welch hunting party, which went out from here at the opening of the season, has returned and brought with them as trophies a large four-pronged buck and 40 rabbits. The buck dressed about 200 pounds. The antlers are a very handsome set, measuring 18 inches from the longest tips and 12 inches between the extreme joints. The party was comprised of the following persons: Jacob, Edward and Ronald Welch, of Howard; Howard McCloskey, of Clarence; Harry McCloskey, Sherman Brown, John Stevenson, Alfred Vaughn, J. S. Heinbach, John Hoffman, and George Betzer, of Jersey Shore. They were encamped in the Panther Run district.

Fred Pletcher, of Lock Haven, was a business visitor to town on Saturday.

State High School Inspector C. D. Koch made his annual visit to the High School on Tuesday.

Blanchard.

Miss Cora Snyder, of State College, spent Thanksgiving with her parents, at Blanchard.

Mrs. Wyland, of Howard, was a guest of her daughter, Mrs. Blair Kunes, on Thanksgiving.

Edward Winslow, of Johnsonburg, is visiting his mother, Mrs. John Abbott.

Mrs. Daniel Glossner attended the funeral of Rothrock Gardner, at Howard, on Friday.

County Superintendent D. O. Etters last week visited our schools and found them in good condition.

Miss Mable Page returned home from Pittsburg, on Wednesday of last week, having greatly enjoyed a visit with friends in that place.

Mrs. Mary Kunes and daughter, Mable, of Beech Creek, were visitors in Blanchard several days last week.

Mrs. George Page is visiting at the home of her son, Christian, at Orviston.

Sheridan Kunes, of Corning, N. Y., is visiting his father, William Kunes.

Mrs. Lee Bitner, of Lock Haven, is a visitor at the home of her father, Irvin Clark, this week.

Edward Bumgardner, of Lewisburg, was an arrival here for the last few days of the hunting season.

Pine Grove Mills.

A. J. Decker transacted business at the County Capitol on Saturday.

Ex-Sheriff W. A. Ishler came up from Bellefonte on Saturday for a few days' outing with his brother, John, and family. Mrs. Ishler accompanied him.

J. N. Bell and wife, of Spruce Creek, who have been visiting friends of long ago in and about town, last week returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bowersox spent last week among friends at Rock Springs and also here.

David Reed is shy his prize cow, that he found dead in her stall recently, and apparently without any signs of having been sick.

Dr. G. H. Woods and D. B. Louder are delegates to the Agricultural Congress, at Huntingdon, December 5 and 6.

William Sausserman, one of the Pennsy's trusted engineers on the western division, was here on Monday for his share of fresh sausage.

Grandmother Maria Goss, who spent several months visiting the Bell family, at Spruce Creek, is home for the winter, at her old quarters.

Rev. Mr. Stover, who has been chosen to fill Rev. A. A. Black's old charge, will preach at Boalsburg on the first Sunday in December, and at this place on the second Sunday, the 11th.

Farmer J. H. Williams is nursing several cracked staves, that his pet donkey planted his heels on one day last week.

Samuel Homan went to Altoona last week, where he is holding down a good job in the P. R. R. shops.

Mrs. M. A. Miller is visiting her son, Professor S. C. Miller, at Chester. She was accompanied by Mrs. W. H. Tate and Miss Bessie Martz, who are visiting with friends at Philadelphia, where Grandmother Catherine Archy is seriously ill, suffering from a broken leg, caused by a fall.

Mrs. Lizzie Bell and sister, Mrs. Sadie Scott, of Manor Hill, spent several days among friends of their youthful days in our town last week. After visiting their brother, John Archey, at Avis, they returned home perfectly delighted with their journey as well as with the pleasant visit with friends.

Butchering is well on and our townsman, G. W. O'Bryan, is so far the boss hog raiser. Three porkers tipped the beam at the 400 mark, each, and also gave 6 cans of lard.

Wells and cisterns are dry and streams are low, so that water wagons are busy. The long looked for rain came on Monday and was appreciated by all.

The High School festival on Saturday evening was quite well attended, but the purse strings were kept secure. The proceeds were but $44.

Mr. and Mrs. Al. Bowersox, of Rock Springs, were Sunday visitors at the G. B. McFry home.

W. K. Corl is confined to his bed with some serious bowel trouble.

The nimrods are home again after two weeks of a successful hunt and sport. The Roosevelt Club got two deer, one a six pronger. Joe Myers and Howard Barr laid them low. The Modock crew brought in two nice ones, William Leech and John Wagner being the lucky marksmen. The State College Gun Club landed a fine one, shot by W. L. Foster. It was reported last week that they had a bear, but that proved to be a false alarm. The Riley crowd brought in two and wounded one which they failed to get. The Coatesville crowd got one and the Horner party also one. The Indiana gang got nothing.

Thanksgiving day services included very appropriate recitations and splendid music by the choir, also a fine address by the pastor, Rev. J. S. Shultz.

Another warning to parents! Last Friday two young lads, Miller and Grove, were handling a gun that happened to be loaded and standing in the corner of the house. Young Grove showed the working of the rifle and then set it back into the corner, but young Miller, not satisfied, took it up to make a further examination, when it was accidentally discharged, the contents narrowly missing young Grove and lodging in the wall, nearby.

Unionville.

On Sunday, November 27, our town was shocked when the news was flashed from lip to lip that David Spotts, one of our oldest and most respected citizens had passed away, his death having occurred at 10.30 o'clock that morning. Mr. Spotts was apparently in good health when he went to his barn on Sunday morning to feed his horse. After about one hour's absence, his good wife became uneasy and went to the barn to search for him. Not seeing him, she returned to the house. As she sat reading her Testament, waiting for her life-long partner, her anxiety became so great that she again went to the barn. As she opened the entry door she saw Mr. Spotts sitting on some hay he previously had thrown down. She called to him but there was no answer. Heart broken she ran for help, her neighbors responding at once. They carried Mr. Spotts into the house and Dr. Irwin was summoned. When Dr. Irwin arrived he said that Mr. Spotts had been dead about one-half hour. Deceased was born in Clearfield County, January 2, 1834, and during his early boyhood he removed to Union township. At the time of his death he was one of the most practical and successful farmers in this locality and was held in respect by a large circle of friends. Early in life Mr. Spotts became identified with the Messiah Church and always was one of its most active members. He was married, January 8, 1863, to Miss Catherine Furl, to which union five children were born. Surviving are a widow and the following children: Mrs. Minnie Davidson, of Sharon; Sherman, Ellery and Elda, of of this place. The following brothers and sisters also survive: Sophia of Missouri; Hannah, John, Henry, William and Jacob, all of Unionville. At the time of his death Mr. Spotts was aged 75 years 10 months and 25 days. Funeral services were held yesterday (Wednesday) from the Union church, Bush Hollow, conducted by his pastor, Rev. Mr. Zeigler of Snow Shoe Intersection. Interment was made in the Bush Hollow cemetery.

Miss Kathryn Scheffler, of the Bell Telephone Company, at Bellefonte, spent Sunday at the home of W. B. Parsons. During the day Miss Scheffler and J. E. Hall walked over to the latter's field on the mountains, to get Jean's cow. As they entered the field the cow, with head down, made for Miss Scheffler, who rapidly ran for a fence, just getting over it in time. Jean escorted Miss Scheffler to the Parsons home and then returned for the cow. We are glad to note that Miss Scheffler was uninjured. Rumor has it that Jean's cow is for sale. "Don't blame him."

The following who are on the sick list, are reported to be improving: H. I. Stere, Mrs. William McEwen, Milton Peters and Jasper Holt.

William Spotts, brother of the late David Spotts, is lying at the point of death at his home, in Bush Hollow.

We are sorry to note that George P. Hall is not improving. He is in a serious condition at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John Miles, at Milesburg.

A large number of our town folks attended the primary school entertainment on Thursday afternoon, last. Miss Hattie Turner, the efficient teacher, deserves great credit for each of the pupils spoke finely. All present were greatly pleased with the entertainment.

I. J. Stere, after spending two weeks in the mountains, near Jersey Shore, has returned to our town. Jack says that game is too scarce to hunt here. He has been accustomed to hunt in Alaska.

Mrs. Clara Leathers, of Washington, D. C., is visiting her aged mother, Mrs. Susan Taylor.

Toner Calhoun, wife and sister, of Altoona, spent Thanksgiving at the home of his mother, Mrs. Harry Calhoun.

Rev. R. S. Oyler started protracted meeting on Wednesday evening of last week, in the Methodist Episcopal church.

Don Brady and Herman Hess, of Altoona, spent Thanksgiving with relatives here.

Arthur Hanscom has moved into T. E. Griest's property, on Point Lookout, where he first went to housekeeping.

George W. Holt shingled his house last week.

Dr. W. H. Irwin has about completed his automobile garage. It adds greatly to his property and also provides a great convenience for the popular doctor.

Mrs. M. B. Holtzworth entertained the Ladies' Club on Tuesday evening. A most enjoyable time was had by all present.

Howard Runion, wife and daughter, of Altoona, were Thanksgiving guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stere.

George W. Morrison butchered two hogs on Thanksgiving. The total weight was 712 pounds.

Arthur Irwin, brother of Dr. W. H. Irwin of this place, is officiating at the P. R. R. Station, owing to the absence of our regular agent, W. B. Parsons.

Ed. Barton took suddenly ill with pneumonia on Saturday while at the home of his brother, Joseph, of this place. At this writing, we are glad to say he is slowly improving.

Persons wishing to use Kline's siding, at Dix Run, should consult J. T. Barton and save trouble.

Scotia.

After an absence of seven years, during which time he traveled over many western States and finally located in Canada, Paul Baudis has returned home for a short visit. He has developed into quite a fine looking, manly young man. After helping his brothers and sisters arrange their affairs he will return to northern Canada, where he has 160 acres of fine land in the wheat belt. He gives a very good description of the country and thinks it is the place for a young man from the States, who has a few dollars and no trade. Paul is thinking of taking one of his younger brothers with him when he returns to Canada.

Charley Pennington and wife, of State College, visited the former's brother, Jerry, on Sunday.

Calvin Murtorff was all togged up on Thanksgiving morning as if he was going to a southern cake-walk. It was all on account of a little family reunion of four generations held that day at his home. The great-grandmother, grandmother, three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren were present. It is something not every man can boast of, and here's hoping you may all live to celebrate many more Thanksgivings.

The long-looked for has happened! The Scotia Hunting Club has returned home—alas, empty handed. Before they went away they notified all their friends who had hogs to kill to put off butchering until after the hunting party had returned, when there would be venison and bear meat for everybody, and then some. But the Buck ague that struck the camp on the second day out stayed with them the whole two weeks they were on the mountain. The venerable hunter, Thomas Roop, thinks that if he had been along he could have broken the spell by shooting a wad of tow into the air. There is one thing the hunters can be thankful for—they can never be indicted for murder, for there is not a chemist living who could find a drop of blood on their clothing.

James Hillard filled R. E. Cronemiller's place as mine foreman very nicely for two weeks, while the latter was out hunting. The only accident during that time was in moving one of the steam shovels. By a little oversight it dropped off the end of the track, but was quickly put back again. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families, Jim!

One of our young men must have taken a long walk on Saturday night, for he didnt get back until nine o'clock on Sunday morning. It is all right, Chester, for you know it is never late till morning, and its always early after that.

Death of John Kean.

John Kean, aged 76 years, died at his late home, at Lock Haven, on Monday of last week. Deceased was a blacksmith by trade and was born at Chathams Run. He was a brother of Miss Margaret Kean, of this place.

Mt. Eagle.

Well, the butchering season is here and everybody seems to be killing a porker.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bathurst, of McKeesport, spent Tuesday night at the home of the former's uncle, Austin Bathurst, here.

Earl Leathers witnessed the Thanksgiving day football game, in Pittsburg, between State and Pittsburg University, which resulted in a victory for the latter team, 11-0

Mrs. John Barger, of Curtin, spent Wednesday at the home of her parents, here.

Mrs. Thomas Shaughnessy, of Bellefonte, spent Monday and Tuesday at the home of her father, J. R. Pheasant.

Clair Gates, who is employed at Avis, was home on Thanksgiving, helping his mother butcher.

John Bathurst was among those to attend the Ertley sale at Howard.

Mrs. Williams Sanders, of Johnsonburg, is here looking after her farm and greeting old friends.

Mr. Bartley and daughter, of Avis, and Miss Pearl Gates, of Juniata, were here over Thanksgiving and helped at the butchering at the Mrs. Martin Gates home.

Roland McCartney and a friend, from Snow Shoe, recently visited Marsh Creek, to see the former's father, who is quite ill from kidney trouble.

Mrs. Carrie Kuhn and son, Ezra, from Altoona, were Thanksgiving visitors at the home of her father, J. R. Pheasant.

Mrs. John Glenn, of Curtin, spent Thanksgiving at the home of her brother, Arch Bathrust, on the Pletcher farm, below town.

Grandpa Decker arrived on the evening train on Friday for a little visit with his daughter, Mrs. Yarnell, who lives on the George Leathers farm, across the creek.

Miss Cora Leathers attended the funeral of the late Rothrock Gardner, at Howard.

Mrs. Clara McCallion, of Howard, tarried between trains at the home of her son, Al. Strickland, on Sunday evening.

Miss Louden, of Howard, had supper with Miss Ethel Bitner on Sunday.

Wedding in Half-Moon.

At high-noon, Nov. 16, 1910, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Shivery, of Half-Moon Valley, their lovely daughter Ella M. Shivery, was united in marriage with Leroy S. Wasson, of Stormstown.

Mrs. Norris, of Grampian, presided at the organ, and the wedding party marched into the prettily arranged parlor to the strains of "Wedding Bells," where, in the presence of a host of friends, and in the use of the beautiful ring ceremony, Rev. A. L. Frank joined them in marriage.

Miss Ethel Shivery, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid and Lawrence Nearhoof was best man.

After hearty congratulations a delicious wedding breakfast was served to the delight of all.

Many useful and beautiful presents, tokens of high esteem, were received by the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Wasson will be "at home," in Stormstown, to greet and entertain their many friends.

Teachers' Institute.

(Continued from page one.)

R. U. Wasson, M. C. Haines, C. W. Kreamer, T. A. Auman.

Second District—M. E. Heberling, chairman; H. M Hosterman, Lloyd White, D. R. Bushman, E. M. Miller.

Third District—I. O. Noll, chairman; M. N. Wickert, H. A. Robb, Samuel Wilson.

Fourth District—F. M. Pletcher, chairman; W. F. Leathers, S. M. Robb, S. S. Williams, W. C. Thompson, J. L. Gardner.

Fifth District—J. C. Fox, chairman; J. A. Williams, G. E. Ardery, Harry Fisher, Mrs. Sallie E. Swoope.

Sixth District—J. F. S. Ruthrauff, chairman; J. L. Ghering, H. E. Leathers, H. G. Hoover, Misses Zoe Meek and Margaret Dunsmore.

DIRECTORS ASSOCIATION.

President, Hon. W. C. Heinle, Bellefonte.

Vice Presidents, Captain C. T. Fryberger, Philipsburg; Oscar E. Miles, Milesburg.

Secretary, H. C. Quigley, Bellefonte.

Treasurer, A. C. Mingle, Bellefonte.

PROGRAM.

Wednesday, Dec. 21—10 A. M. Devotional services, Rev. Daniel Gress, Reformed Church, Centre Hall.

Minutes of last meeting.

Remarks by County Superintendent Etters.

President's Address—Mr. Heinle.

Appointment of Committees.

Address—"Agriculture in the Public Schools," Professor Thomas I. Mairs, State College.

Address—"The Proposed New School Code," Mr. Fortney.

Address, 1.30 P. M.—Professor C. Dison Koch, Harrisburg.

Address—Professor LeRoy A. King, Lock Haven.

Address—Hon. J. Calvin Meyer, Bellefonte.

Address—Dr. Byron W. King, Pittsburg.

THURSDAY, 9 A. M.

Devotional services, Rev. J. F. Hower, Evangelical church, Bellefonte.

Report of Committees.

Address—Dr. George Becht, Clarion.

Address—Dr. Samuel E. Weber, State College.

Address—Dr. A. J. Kinneman, Bowling Green, Ky.

LIGGETT'S

CHOCOLATES

Are said to be the finest made in this country. Each piece (no two alike) is enclosed in crinkled paper—each layer in separate tray. They are just the thing for a present to a lady—40c and 80c.

Fenway Chocolates at 30c and 60c are simply delicious.

Harmony Perfumes—Violet Dulce Extracts, Palmer's, Speilher's and others, make fine holiday gifts.

Brush and Comb Sets, Manicure Sets, Hand Mirrors and many other articles for holiday gifts at

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLE. ONTE - PA.

Easy to buy — Convenient to send — Useful to have

F. P. BLAIR & CO.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

F. P. BLAIR & CO.

The Typewriter Without Frills

A plain, simple, compact, mechanically perfect writing machine, without any trouble-making "frills."

The Royal Standard $65

Phone me and you will have one in your place on examination, at once.

Terms and Allowances.

R. L. MALLORY,

Crider's Exchange,

Bellefonte, Pa.

care of Mallory Studio.

Horses and Horsemen

are strong in their preference for 5A Horse Blankets and 5A Lap Robes. They well know that the famous 5A leads all others in warmth and wear.

Ask for 5A.

We Sell Them

JAMES SCHOFIELD,

Spring street Bellefonte, Pa

Pure air; pure food; pure water; pure soap.

They are of almost equal importance.

We cannot tell you where or how to get pure air, pure food or pure water.

But we can tell you where to get pure soap: Ivory Soap — at your grocer's.

Ivory Soap . . 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure

MORGAN STOPPED TRAIN

Flagged Freight to Help Bishop Potter Keep Church Engagement.

Bishop Potter was spending a Sunday afternoon with Mr. Morgan at the latter's country place at Highland Falls. The village of Highland Falls is a way station on the West Shore Road, a few miles below West Point, and the fast trains pass it by without a stop on their first long jump away from New York. This is not a matter of much concern to the financier, who always goes back and forth on his yacht; but on this occasion it troubled the Bishop. He was loath to travel on Sunday, but he had an important engagement to keep in the city that night, and he remarked that he would have to take a local train, which left a little while before supper.

"Oh, no," said Morgan, "there's a train after that one. Of course, you'll stay to supper."

"I don't see any train," objected the Bishop, "and I really must get to town in time to conduct an evening service."

"There's an express," replied his host, disposing of the matter—"I'll have it stopped for you."

An hour or so later, in the thick darkness of an autumn evening, Mr. Morgan took the Bishop in his carriage, down the steep road to the railroad station. No lights shone from the building. The coachman got out and tried the door and rattled it. Then he came back and reported that the agent had gone home for the night.

The sound of an approaching train was heard, faintly, but growing louder.

"Break in the door," ordered Morgan, impatiently—"get a big stone and smash it!" He and his visitor got out of the carriage and looked on; finally the door gave way. Morgan went inside, and after scratching a number of matches, found a lantern and lit it. "All right, Bishop!" he called cheerfully, "come ahead," and he walked out to the middle of the track and waved the light.

With a horrid screeching and squeaking the train stopped. It was a freight; a very long freight. Out of the cab leaned the surprised engineer, and from the caboose somewhere in the faraway darkness the conductor came running up, very angry.

"What do you mean by stopping this train?" he demanded fiercely.

Mr. Morgan, still holding the lantern, told him who he was.

"I don't care a whoop-in-blazes who you are (the conductor's language here becomes unprintable), you've got no business—why," he choked, "there's an express train followin's us—you'll have a collision—!"—but Mr. Morgan paid no more attention to him or his remarks.

"All right, Bishop," he was saying gently, "you get right in the caboose and ride to New York."

Which the Bishop did.—Metropolitan Magazine.

DON'T WAIT

Take Advantage of a Bellefonte Citizen's Experience Before It's Too Late

When the back begins to ache,

Don't wait until backache becomes chronic;

Till serious kidney troubles develop;

Till urinary troubles destroy night's rest.

Profit by a Bellefonte citizen's experience.

Mrs. J. F. Thal, 23 W. Thomas St., Bellefonte, Pa., says "I am very grateful to Doan's Kidney Pills for what they have done for me. My back ached for a long time and I had severe pains in my kidneys, accompanied by headaches and attacks of dizziness. The kidney secretions were too frequent in passage and caused me no end of annoyance. When my attention was called to Doan's Kidney Pills I procuced a supply at Green Pharmacy Co. and it did not take them long to give me relief. I cheerfully recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone afflicted with kidney complaint." (Statement given Oct. 21, 1907.)

They never Fail. When Mrs. Thal was interviewed on Nov. 22, 1909, she said: "I still have unlimited confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills for whenever I have used them in the past two years, they have benefited me. You may continue to publish my former endorsement of this remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Take Care;

Remember that when your kidneys are affected, your life is in danger. M. Mayer, Rochester, N. Y. says: "My trouble started with a sharp shooting pain over my back which grew worse daily. I felt sluggish and tired, my kidney action was irregular and infrequent. I started using Foley Kidney Pills. Each dose seemed to put new life and strength into me, and now I am completely, cured and feel better and stronger than for years." Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Heavy, impure blood makes a muddy, pimply complexion, headaches, nausea, indigestion. Thin blood makes you weak, pale, sickly. Burdock Blood Bitters makes the blood rich, red, pure—restores perfect health.

The Cotton Buyer

How He Traded In the South During the Civil War and Why He Quit.

By ALBERT CHITTENDEN

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In 1862, when President Lincoln feared that the want of cotton by the English and other foreign manufacturers might lead to intervention, he issued an order to his generals to give every facility in their power to persons desiring to purchase the article and permit them to ship it on the army wagons going north empty for supplies for the troops. At the time cotton could be bought for a song in the south, and before the war closed it had risen to a dollar a pound in the northern states.

I was then young and eager to make money. Having some capital, I went down into Virginia and rode among the plantations in the neighborhood of the Union armies, buying cotton wherever I found an opportunity to get it within our lines and send it north. One day I had been out a few miles beyond the Union vedettes to a plantation where I had been told was stored a large stock of cotton. There was no enemy in that direction, and if there were I considered my vocation a shield against interference, for I was a citizen engaged in assisting the southern planters to turn their cotton into money. I bought fifty bales on condition that I could get transportation for them and rode back to the Union lines.

Something about the arrangement of the camps looked different from what I had left. Indeed, I found a great deal of difference. While I had been away the corps I had left had moved and another had taken its place. The officer of the picket post would not allow me to go where I liked, but took me to the provost marshal, Major Campbell.

I noticed that the moment the provost marshal looked at me he gave a faintly perceptible start. I told him who I was and the business I was engaged in. He listened to my story, then said he would report my case to the general commanding. He left me to do so and was going so long that, tired of waiting, I was about to mount my horse and ride away when a sentry stopped me. I asked him why he detained me, and he said that he had been ordered not to let me leave till the provost marshal returned.

Major Campbell rode up as I was talking with the sentry. He asked me to come into his tent and, getting out the army demijohn, invited me to have something. He chatted in a familiar way, seeming much interested in my cotton purchases and asking me a number of questions pertaining to the business. He told me that the general would like to see me, but was too busy to receive me till the next day.

I had left my belongings at a house a short distance in rear of the army, and when the conversation lagged I arose and said I would ride there, return in the morning and call on the general. Major Campbell said that there was no necessity for me to go away, since he would be happy to give me a cot in a tent with a subaltern officer and my meals at his mess. But I said I wished some clean linen and would prefer to go. At that he told me as politely as possible that the general had directed him to bring me to his headquarters the next day and he would not dare risk losing me.

This was equivalent to telling me that I was a temporary quasi prisoner. Nevertheless I did not think much of the matter, for if permitted to go I might find it inconvenient to return. In that event the major would be liable to censure for disobedience of orders. So I made a virtue of necessity, saying that I would be happy to accept his hospitality.

During the evening I played the army game with the major and several other officers in his tent, the army game being draw poker, with greenbacks in lieu of chips. Somehow it seemed to me that I was an object of interest. Every now and again an officer would come to the tent to look over the game. But, glancing up at these gentlemen, I invariably noticed their eyes fixed on me rather than on the cards. I was puzzled. What was there about a civilian engaged in cotton buying to interest officers of the army? However, the game interested me, and speculation of this kind did not take root in my mind. We played till midnight, when the party broke up, and I was conducted by my tent mate to my place of rest. I noticed that he kept an eye on me while I took off my outer clothing and did not take it away till I stood in my undergarments.

While going to sleep the circumstances of my detention, the interest I had excited, this watchfulness of my tent mate, altogether found a firmer lodgment in my brain. Yet as I pondered over the matter I could not think of one act sufficiently noticeable to signify anything in particular. As for my visit to the general the next day, it might be an advantage. I had expected to arrange for cotton transportation with the quartermaster. Possibly I might derive some advantages by interesting the general in what I was doing.

The next morning I waited till 11 o'clock for Major Campbell to take me to the general, when, becoming impatient, I asked him the cause of the delay. He told me that the general was busy. I inwardly cursed these military nabobs who made every one await their pleasure and were treated by their subordinates as princes of the blood, if not sovereigns. It was not till 3 in the afternoon that the major told me to mount my horse and go with him.

We found the general about to ride out on a tour of inspection, and I was invited to join him. I did so, and for awhile he kept me beside him, asking me what seemed to me a lot of stupid questions. I tried to tell him about my cotton buying, but he wouldn't listen to it. He seemed more interested in learning where I had been during the day I had come into his lines and the day before that and as far back as I could remember. Then suddenly he ceased to take any further interest in me or my whereabouts and, calling his chief of staff, waved me back with the others.

Major Campbell rode with us—why I didn't know, for he was not of the general's personal staff. Judging from his interest in me, I fancied that he might have been brought along for the purpose of entertaining me. He kept calling my attention to this feature of the position and telling me things about the number and disposition of the troops. They would not have interested me in the slightest had not his statement of the different divisions and brigades he declared were on the ground appeared much overdrawn. But why should he bother me at all with these matters, and why should he desire to make it appear to me that the army was stronger than it really was? I was a citizen with no military knowledge whatever and was content that these fiery soldiers should slaughter one another ad lib. provided I could make a fortune.

The general called Major Campbell to him and said something in an undertone. Then the major dropped back beside me. As he left the general the latter said loud enough to be heard:

"That plan would never do in the world. He who has eyes to see can see for himself. I'll issue the order as soon as I get back to headquarters."

I had no idea what this meant, nor did I take any interest in it. I was getting disgusted at being kept idle all this while by these autocratic military men. I wanted to get at the quartermaster, since the general took no interest in my business affairs, and secure transportation for the last lot of cotton I had bought.

But a terrible surprise was in store for me. We had no sooner got back to camp than I was placed under arrest, with two soldiers standing over me, ready to shoot me at the slightest provocation. I was not only indignant—I was frightened. No officer came near me, so that I was unable to ask any one what it all meant, except my guards, who told me that all they knew about it was that they had orders to shoot me if I made the slightest move to escape.

The first information as to my real position I received was when an officer approached me and began to read from a paper he held in his hands. I was too agitated at first to listen to or understand it, but presently I gathered from it that I was charged with being a spy and was to be tried for that offense by drumhead court martial that very evening.

Everything now gradually became plain to me. On the supposition that I had come into their lines for the purpose of gaining information the provost marshal had reported the fact to the general, leaving word that I should not be permitted to go away. The matter of my identity being supposititious, I was not to know that I was suspected until they were sure of their case. This accounted for the interest I had excited and for my tent mate watching me while I took off my clothes. He wished to know if I was armed. Then while on the tour of inspection they had thought of permitting me to go back to where I came from to report a greater force than they mustered. But the general had quashed this plan, saying, "He who has eyes to see can see for himself." The order he said he would issue was for my trial, which also meant execution.

In the evening I was taken into a large tent where a number of officers sat around a pine table lighted with candles. One of them stated that I had been lurking about their camps and had been arrested. But before being placed in proper confinement I had taken to my heels, tearing up a paper as I ran. I had escaped, but the bits of paper collected had contained drawings of their position and memoranda of the number of their troops.

An officer acted as my counsel, but as he knew no more about me than the others his defense was worthless. Unfortunately I had recently sent a lot of business papers north that would have proved my identity. As it was I was mistaken for some one they had their grip on before and who they supposed was still plying his vocation as spy under the guise of a cotton buyer.

I was condemned to be shot in an hour. Ten minutes before the time appointed for my execution an officer rode up and called out:

"We've retaken that fellow who got away last week. He's been concealed by a southerner."

The moment he looked at me he started back in astonishment.

"I'd have sworn," he said, "that I left you only a few minutes ago. You must be his twin brother."

I was not "his twin brother," but when I saw him the next morning just before he was shot I saw that his resemblance to me was remarkable.

I had had enough of cotton buying I concluded to go north and recover from the shock I had received.

A Clever Ruse

But It Was Very Unexpectedly Thwarted.

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

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On coming home from business I found my wife in the dumps.

"What's the matter, dear?" I asked.

"It's all up with us."

"Bottom dropped out of the universe?"

"Worse. Aunt Abigail will have to live with us. She's written that her friend with whom she has had a home is to give up her house the 1st of May, and that throws her out. I am her only relative, and of course she expects me to take her in."

"She's a bit cranky, isn't she?"

"Cranky is no name for it."

"Well, we'll have to make the best of it."

Aunt Abigail arrived. We had previously considered our home entirely our own. With the coming of our relative we saw at once that all this was changed. She settled herself down with an appearance of permanency that made my blood run cold.

"Well," she exclaimed, looking about her, "how did you ever come to build this house down in a hollow—it must have been a swamp once—when you could as well have put it up on that hill, where you could see something?"

"We live here winter and summer, Aunt Abigail. Up there we would freeze in cold weather."

"Freeze! Nonsense! Some people are always afraid they'll breathe a little fresh air. I'm not. I sleep with my window open, and I like to have a gale blowing in right on me. You should have fronted your house to the south."

"I can't stand this. We must get rid of her, I said to my wife."

"To turn her out would be awful."

"We needn't do that. We can fix it so that she will go of her own accord."

"For heaven's sake explain."

"You know the homeopathic principle—like cures like. Well, my Uncle Robert is more disagreeable, if that is possible, than your Aunt Abigail. He is a dictatorial old curmudgeon, with no respect for any one's opinion but his own. He is as poor as a church mouse, living in a miserable room in a rookery by himself. He amuses himself abusing his neighbors from his window and shying anything he can get his hands on at the cats. Now, it has occurred to me to bring him here as a foil for your aunt. She can't possibly endure to stay in the house with such a man, and when she's gone I'll find a way to get rid of Uncle Robert. Perhaps they may both go to get rid of each other."

"Your plan seems rather impracticable to me, Billy, but I have a good deal of confidence in those roundabout ways of yours. Suppose we try it?"

So I wrote Uncle Robert offering a home temporarily and, if he liked it, as long as he lived. He accepted eagerly, and it was not long before he was down upon us bag and baggage.

"My dear boy," he exclaimed, patting me on the back, "how you do remind me of your father! He and I were inseparable as boys, and I've carried you on my shoulder often. And to think that I'm to have a home with you! Put me anywhere. A garret is good enough for a broken down old codger like me. Phew! Somebody's been smoking here. Do you smoke? How I hate tobacco! It makes me sick."

"I won't smoke any more in the house since you've come, uncle," I said.

"Oh, don't mind me. I can stand anything; got to stand it. I've made a dead failure of life and don't deserve anything else. You don't mind my opening the window, do you—just to let the odor out?"

"Fanny has a bad cold, you know."

"Just the thing to cure her. Let her breathe the cool air of heaven."

Up went the window and out of the room went Fanny. Half an hour after my uncle arrived dinner was announced. I was watching our guests when they entered the dining room. It was like a dog and a cat at first catching sight of each other. Both seemed to crouch for an encounter. Neither spoke to the other for some time after taking seats at table. Then a remark of Uncle Robert's ruffled Aunt Abigail.

"This women's voting craze"— he was beginning.

"Voting what, sir?"

"Craze, madam," raising his voice.

"I'm not deaf. I heard you well enough. I object to you calling woman's suffrage a craze."

"Are you an advocate of woman's suffrage, madam?"

"I most assuredly am."

"I believe in any one who advocates a principle standing by that principle and not attempting to straddle"—

"Sir!"

"That is, to equivocate or knuckle down, defending the cause with all his or her strength. Per contra, I reserve the same privilege for myself. Woman's suffrage I consider the most abominable, diabolical, illogical rot that was ever sprung on a Christian people."

"And I consider it one of the holiest causes"—

"Aunt Abigail," interposed my wife, "do let me help you to this little bit of wing. You're not eating enough to feed a sparrow."

"I'm inclined to think," remarked Uncle Robert, "that there's a good deal in this new idea of diet. This man what's-his-name who is proving that the less we eat the more work we can do is going to create a revolution."

"Have you adopted his idea?" asked Aunt Abigail spitefully.

Considering that I had just filled Uncle Robert's plate for the second time this was unkind.

"I have not, madam, for the reason that I am not yet satisfied that his views are correct. I'm nothing if not scientific. I must see a thing proved before I adopt it."

"Would you prove woman's suffrage before adopting it?"

This was quite bright of Aunt Abigail.

"I admit," replied Uncle Robert, "that to prove it before adopting it would be impossible. It isn't necessary to prove it. Any fool can see that the idea is ridiculous."

"Uncle," I interrupted for the purpose of calling a truce and preventing Aunt Abigail from firing a return shot, "let me fill your glass."

"No, sir," putting his hand over it—"not at all, sir. I drink just one glass of wine with my dinner. And that's enough for any man."

"Quite right," I replied and filled my own for the third time.

"One is *too much* for any man, especially an old man," snapped the aunt. "Nothing is so disgusting to me as an old toper."

The shot, while it applied partly to me, was fired at Uncle Robert.

"Not at all," he replied. "One glass is good for the system. You know what St. Paul says, 'Take a little wine for the stomach's sake.'"

"Yes," retorted Aunt Abigail, "and I know that the devil can quote Scripture."

This was so well turned that I felt like patting the old lady on the back. But it did not squelch Uncle Robert for the simple reason that he was unsquelchable. The skirmishing went on, getting hotter and hotter, till at last, to prevent an open rupture, my wife arose from the table. She, poor woman, was dreading a fracas, and I was not anxious to have a break occur so early in the game.

As soon as Fanny and I were alone together we sat down and laughed.

"Did you ever see anything work more beautifully?" I said, slapping my leg.

"Never."

"Let them go their own gait. My opinion is that one or the other will get out within a week."

Every day my uncle came to me and said that he couldn't live in the same house with a cat and was going tomorrow. Every day Aunt Abigail went to Fanny and said she could not possibly endure that opinionated old heathen and she was casting about for another home, but it was dreadful that she should be alone in the world, with no one to love but Fanny, and Fanny must needs be incumbered by all her husband's relatives. I told my uncle that if I were deprived of the comfort of caring for my father's brother in his old age it would break my heart. Fanny made faint hearted attempts to quiet her aunt and agreed with her that my uncle was a trifle hard to get on with, regretting at the same time that he had the same claim on me that her aunt had on her. It is true that occasionally there would be a lull in the hostilities and we would find the two chatting quite amicably. But this was when they happened to strike some subject which was a pet with both. As soon as they drifted into topics on which they disagreed the roar of battle recommenced.

Several weeks passed in this way, and Fanny and I were getting impatient for the denouement, when one day uncle came to me and said that he would like to have a few words with me and Fanny alone. He looked very serious, and I felt quite sure he would announce his departure. He was a born gentleman, and nothing would be further from his nature than to hurt one's feelings, and to appear ungrateful would break his heart. I called Fanny into the library, shut the door and waited for the old man to speak.

"My dear boy," he began, taking my hand, "and my dear little girl," taking Fanny's hand, "I have something to announce which will surprise you. I am going to leave you!"

"Oh, uncle!" we both exclaimed, trying hard to appear much disappointed, even shocked.

"Yes, I am going away, and your aunt is also going."

This was indeed a surprise.

"Your kindness has brought about a great change in two lonely lives. For a time it seemed to both of us that we must thwart your plans for the happiness of both of us. It has not seemed that we can live under the same roof together."

He paused, and I thought he was going to shed tears. Then he added abruptly:

"We are both going to leave you tomorrow."

"Both?"

"Yes, both. We are to be quietly married at 9 o'clock and leave on a short wedding trip on the 10 o'clock train."

"Goodness gracious!" from Fanny.

"Great Scott!" from me.

"But we shall be gone only a few days."

"And then?" exclaimed Fanny and I breathlessly.

"And then," resumed the old man putting a hand on each of our heads, "we return to spend the rest of our lives with our dear niece and nephew."

Heaven helps those who help themselves. At any rate, heaven came to our relief. I inherited $20,000 from a maternal uncle. Of this I put $5,000 in a house for the old couple and invested the rest in an annuity for them. Strangely enough, they are quite contented together.

EVADING THE LAW.

The Pictures of Flying Birds in a Mohammedan Mosque.

According to one of the tenets of the Mohammedan religion, it is a sin to make a picture of any living thing. The elaborate decorations of the palaces and mosques of the east are almost exclusively made up of ingeniously interlaced geometric designs, arabesques or flowers, intermixed with sentences of the Koran.

There is a belief among Mussulmans that at the day of judgment Allah will demand that the artist who has made the image of a living thing shall endow that image with life and that, failing to do this, the artist will be sent to perdition for his sin.

A gentleman who visited a mosque in Algiers found that the tiles with which the building is decorated, which are very old and very beautiful, are adorned with flights of birds. He expressed surprise at this and asked if the command against such representation were a modern edict.

"Oh, no," answered the pious Algerian to whom he addressed the question. "These are not pictures of living birds."

"But they are painted as if flying across the tiles," the other said in some astonishment.

"Yes," the Mussulman replied, "but do you not see that about the neck of each there is a fine black line? That is to show that the artist painted only dead birds, and the command of the Koran is not violated."

CASTE IN THE ARMY.

Civilians Find It Difficult to Understand Military Discipline.

One thing not commonly understood among civilians is the completeness of the barrier which divides army officers from the soldiers, or, as they are more generally called, the "men." It is always vastly amusing to those familiar with the service to observe the errors in this respect frequently made by the novelist and the playwright.

Personal qualifications have nothing whatever to do with the matter. A soldier may be a gentleman who has enlisted with the purpose of obtaining a commission, yet there can be between him and his officers no social intercourse of any sort, and severe penalties would be inflicted upon the officer who would attempt to disregard the rule.

It might seem that this enforcement of a caste sense would result in much hard feeling on the side of the men. Such, however, is not actually the case. It is taken for granted and recognized as conducive to "good order and military discipline." It is a military regulation like any other and implies no disgrace. Directly a soldier's enlistment is out or directly he rises from the ranks the prohibition is removed.—Delineator.

Roundabout.

The very budding barrister assumed the approved legal look of indisputable superiority.

"Now, my good lady," he observed, shaking an admonitory forefinger at the woman in the witness box, "you do not appreciate the gravity of the question. Endeavor to concentrate what brain power nature has endowed you with and answer me. What relationship does the defendant bear to you?"

"Right-ho!" responded the good lady. "'Is father's cousin was my cousin once removed, and 'is mother, marryin' me uncle's only brother"—

"My good lady," interrupted the bud despairingly, "I am not here to solve puzzles!"

"Well, I'm blowed!" ejaculated the lady. "You was talkin' jest nah as though you'd cornered most o' the brain pahr goin'. If you 'adn't swanked quite so much I'd 'a' told yer plainly an' simply: 'E'se me brother."—London Answers.

Old Moon Beliefs.

The health, growth and development of children and animals were years ago supposed to be influenced by the moon. If the sign was right at the time of birth they would be well formed and intellectual, but if it was wrong there was no telling what sort of creatures they would become. Every worthless fellow, every dog, rooting hog, fence jumping cow or kicking horse was believed to have been born under an unfavorable phase of the queen of night. Queer people or those who were of hateful disposition were children of the dark moon, with the sign below the heart.

His Mistake.

Edward—What do you think I carry in my watch case, darling? It is always the stamp of your last letter. Your lips have touched it, and mine often kiss the place where yours have been. Angelina—Oh, Edward! I'm awfully sorry, but I always use Fido's damp nose.—Illustrated Bits.

His Birthday Present.

Fair Customer—I want a birthday present for my husband. Dealer—Yes, mum. How would this old clock suit you? Fair Customer—Let me see. I've got a corner in my boudoir that will just do for it! And I've been wanting an old clock for a long time. Yes, that will do!"

To Be Noble.

Most of our unhappiness comes about because there is in us a scrap of the infinite that is not satisfied with finite things. There is a longing in the human heart to unfold into a better life. To do and to be noble is the deepest desire of every heart. — Dr. Henry van Dyke.

Those who pursue happiness are fortunate to catch up with content.

LIFTING THE SCALP

An Art Not Confined to the North American Indian.

ALLIED TO HEAD HUNTING.

Some Indians Removed the Skin of the Entire Head, Including the Hair and Beard of Their Victim—Ears and Hands Also Served For Trophies.

The art of scalping has declined owing to the severe pains and penalties dealt out to its practitioners in the various states of North America. It was in a certain sense a product of European settlement, for it would never have become so widespread had it not been for the white man.

Scalping is commonly considered a custom belonging exclusively to the North American Indian. This is a mistake. It is found in South America, and Herodotus mentions it as having been practiced among the Scythians. But as the old Greek traveler's book was not published until 1502 it is probable that scalping appeared to the early explorers of America as a new thing. It was first described by Francisco de Garey, who in 1520 came across it in his ill fated expedition to Panuco. He found that the Indians removed the skin of the entire head, including the hair and beard. In 1535 Jaques Cartier wrote an account of a scalping party which is more typical of the custom as usually found. From this time on it is described by many writers, notably Captain John Smith and Champlain.

The Indians themselves were uncertain as to the use of keeping an enemy's scalp, except that they felt it would hurt him in some way. Some said it put him in the power of the owner of the scalp, others that it banished him from the happy hunting grounds, while still others believed that it annihilated him.

In the opinion of George Frederici, whose monograph may be consulted in the Smithsonian institution report of 1906, scalping is a modification of head hunting, a practice indulged in by many savages. There is a primitive notion that the possession of a token or portion of a man gives one a power over that man. To keep the head of an enemy puts him in your power, the savage thinks. But it is often inconvenient to carry so large a thing as a head. A smaller token is therefore substituted. This statement would seem to be borne out by the following facts:

Many American Indians did not follow the practice of scalping, notably those of the north, adjoining the Eskimo, the Frazer river Indians and the Algonquins of New Jersey. Nearly all of these practiced head hunting. A transition period is represented by the Caddoes of Texas, where the men took the scalps and the women at a more convenient period collected the heads. Some tribes in California secured, instead of scalps, the eyes of their enemies, which were preserved in some way, while others in Mexico selected the ears for their trophy, probably following the lead of the Spaniards, who lopped off ears as punishment for crime.

The Hudson river Indians used to preserve hands, probably in imitation of the Dutch, who in the so called Esopus war gave a bounty for Indian hands. Around the sources of the Missouri the Lewis and Clark expedition found the custom of preserving scalps replaced by that of preserving fingers.

In northern Mexico the custom of scalping prevailed, but toward the south it was replaced by head hunting. In South America there are two localities where it still flourishes. One of these is northern Argentina and Paraguay, where it gives signs of being indigenous, as it differs in many ways from the practice of North America. It is also found around Guiana, probably introduced by the Indian slaves brought from Florida.

The Huron-Iroquois have been accredited with the invention of scalping, but unless it arose independently in several places it much more likely originated in Florida, where it was first discovered by Europeans. Contact with a higher grade of culture gave a tremendous impetus to the custom.

Previous to the Spanish discovery the weapons of the Indians had been very simple, being manufactured from stone, bones, shells or even reeds. The tribal wars, though numerous, were seldom bloody, and with such primitive means the braves found it both awkward and dangerous to remove the scalp of a fallen enemy.

But the Europeans brought with them firearms and iron knives. The former increased a hundredfold the number of those killed in battle, while the latter made the process of scalping an easy one. Besides this, the whites encouraged the custom by offering bounties for scalps.

The first premium of this nature was offered in 1637 by the Puritans, who gave a payment for every Indian head, the custom of scalping not having yet reached New England. But by the time of King Philip's war it was in full blast, and in 1675 the Connecticut legislature offered large prizes for scalps. One Hannah Dustin received £50 and other substantial gifts for having secured with her own hands the scalps of two Indian men, two women and six children.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Sure Way.

There are several methods whereby pickpockets may be avoided on crowded street cars, but the surest way is to keep your money in the bank in your wife's name.—Kansas City Star.

THE WORD "GOWN."

It First Came Into Use In the Fourteenth Century.

Female costume in the tenth century was classical in its simplicity. The women wore long, loose, flowing skirts reaching to the feet and a draped "cote," or upper garment. Chaucer, who died in 1400, when Henry IV. was king, frequently uses the word cote. In the "Canterbury Tales" he depicts the sergeant-at-law as wearing a "medley cote," which no doubt means a coat of many colors, while the miller he describes as wearing "a whyte cote."

It was in the fourteenth century that the word "gown" first came into use. An anonymous author in no mild words finds fault with the fashion of his days. He writes that "the commons were besotted in excess of apparel, in wide surcoats reaching to their loyns, some in a garment reaching to their heels, close before and strowting out on the side, so that on the back they make men seem women, and these they call by a ridiculous name—gown."

As early as the twelfth century women's cotes were made with trains, and in the first quarter of the thirteenth century a bishop moralizes early on their vanity for wearing trained cotes, some of which contained seven ells and a half."—Westminster Gazette.

TIBURON ISLAND.

Its Waters Are Literally Swarming With Ferocious Sharks.

Less than three thousand miles from the city of New York and about a third of that distance from San Francisco there is situated, in the upper reaches of the gulf of California, a small island, worthless even for so mean a purpose as the raising of goats, but nevertheless a center of attraction for the ethnologists and archaeologists of the old and new worlds for many generations.

This rocky peak, rising from the quiet waters of the gulf, is known as Tiburon island. Tiburon is a Spanish word which, translated into English, means "shark." The waters around the islet are literally swarming with these tigers of the sea, and the inhabitants of the island are said to be no less ferocious than the sharks. Tiburon is peopled with a handful of Indians, the only aborigines of their kind in the world, known as Seris. They are reputed to be cannibals, to be so fierce that none of the mainland tribes of Mexican redskins ever dare invade their shores and to possess the secret of manufacture of a peculiarly deadly poison with which they prepare their arrows before battle.—Wide World Magazine.

The Dragon Fly.

The oldest extant poem about a dragon fly is said to have been composed 1,440 years ago by the Emperor Yuriaku of Japan. One day, while this emperor was hunting, say the ancient records, a gadfly came and bit his arm. Therewith a dragon fly pounced upon the gadfly and devoured it. Then the emperor commanded his ministers to make an ode in praise of the dragon fly. But as they hesitated how to begin he himself composed a poem in praise of the insect, ending with the words:

Even a creeping insect
Waits upon the great Lord.
Thy form it will bear,
O Yamato, land of the dragon fly!

And in honor of the dragon fly the place of the incident was called Akitsuno, or the moor of the dragon fly.—"A Japanese Miscellany."

A Stubborn Husband.

A most interesting phenomenon is the stubborn husband. He is not a bad man. He is contrary, and he has to be managed. He is usually married to a clever little woman, who is constantly devising schemes to accomplish the things which make their joint lives a success.

He has no suspicion of this. If he had he would be so mad he could undoubtedly eat her. So all through life she goes on swinging a turnip ahead of his nose to make him go the same as though he were a balky mule. She is a cheery little body, and she grows plump with every year, and she does her smiling behind the door or she chuckles in her sleeve when he is not by. The stubborn husband is as interesting as a bug.—London Standard.

The Artist and the Critic.

Sidney Cooper, the English artist, happening one day to visit the Royal academy, where some of his works were on exhibition, while a couple of critics were examining the pictures strolled up to where they were standing. At that moment the younger of the two critics exclaimed, "Any machine could turn out sheep like that!" Mr. Cooper put his hand in his pocket, produced his card and, handing it to the newspaper man, said, with gravity, "If you will kindly send that machine to this address when completed I'll send a check for $1,000 to the institute for decayed journalists."

Sermons at All Prices.

"Brethren," said the visiting preacher, "I's got a eight dollar sarmon, an' I's got a six dollar sarmon, an' I's got a five dollar one an' a three dollar one, an' den I's got one I kin let you have fur jes' one dollar. Now, I want you fur to take up the kerlection right now, an' we'll see which one uv dese sarmons you wants."—Exchange.

Not In the Agreement.

Daniel had been cast into the lions' den.

"My main objection," he said as he playfully tweaked a lion's mane, "is that I get no moving picture royalties."—Puck.

The Seventh Gate

A Story of the Chinese Forbidden City.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Owen Ryder left the train at the terminus several miles outside the walls of Peking and covered the remaining distance toward the city gate on the back of a donkey.

As he approached the seventh gate he paused for an instant. He had come on a journey of thousands of miles to accomplish a mission, and now that the object of his search was almost within his grasp he hesitated.

Fear had no part in his hesitation. He was comparatively safe in the disguise afforded by his Chinese dress—as safe as any native Chinese who wished to gain admission to the Forbidden City.

Then, with quick indrawn breath, he moved into the deeper shadow of the gate. As his hands touched the bronze doors they swung softly inward and engulfed him.

A dark shadow loomed at his side and, without a sound, guided him close against the inner wall in a curving line. They came to an abrupt stop in a grove of trees whose tops rustled high over their heads. Before them were the dim outline and bulky mass of some huge building.

At last a door closed softly behind them, the hands were removed from Ryder's lips and arm, and presently a light twinkled out of the gloom.

The American turned to look at his companion, who had withdrawn the cover from a small bronze lantern and stood revealed in its dim light.

Ryder stared and stared again at the tall, spare figure that confronted him. This was no Chinese—this man with deep sunken blue eyes and wisps of fair hair sticking out from under the cue bound about his forehead. Owen Ryder's wondering gaze traveled over the yellowed skin drawn tightly over the protruding cheek bones, down to the handsome nose and bitter, curling lips, down to the common blue cotton Chinese dress and then up again with puzzled eyes to study the face with something lacking—something—what?

The man laughed silently as he lifted his bony hands to each side of his head. "You miss these appendages, my friend. I have been cropped, you see." His voice was low and vibrant with some suppressed emotion.

Ryder gasped. "Your ears—my God!" He felt within his blouse for the comfortable reassurance of his revolver, and his fingers curled about the butt lovingly.

"Your ears next, my friend, and the ears of all who pass through the seventh gate inward," said the stranger, with assumed lightness. He turned and pointed to the wall behind him, and Ryder gasped again to see a line of dark figures stretched along the floor.

"Earless freaks," said the tall stranger, with sudden dreariness in his mocking tone. "Sit down on the floor, man, and tell your story—nay, let me preface it for you and for me and the rest of us—white men!"

"Go ahead," said Ryder.

"You are an artist of some sort. You have learned that these people have recovered their lost art of producing Kiastin porcelain, that rare painting of invisible flowers, fishes or other symbols on the outside of porcelain vessels, paintings that are only revealed when the vessel is filled with liquor of some sort. The discoverer of this lost and precious art is confined to his workshop in the palace here. The retention of the secret means the addition of large sums of money to this country; hence they guard it carefully. You were put on to the secret, you have come to spy it out, you have reached as far as"—

"I had a model"—began Ryder eagerly, when the other man's low laugh cut him short.

"What is your name?"

"I am Edward Stone, an Englishman. I had a model, too, and so did each of these five other poor earless devils. It was the same model. One by one she sent us here as she sent you. It could have been no one else but Lena Shultz."

"It was Lena Shultz," returned Ryder dully.

"I knew it. The man who discovered the lost art is not a native. To what country he belongs I do not know. I do know that he made the discovery and was captured with his belongings and is confined within three feet of where we now are. All day he works in the underground cell perfecting his discovery, for in spite of the most violent threats he will not impart the secret to another soul or work in another man's presence."

"But why did that woman send us here—on a wild goose chase?" muttered Ryder after a silence.

"Yonder poor devil is her husband. She hopes with the aid of other white men to help him escape from here. I was the first to come. I arrived at 9 in the evening. Now it is my duty to open the gate at 9 every evening in the hope of catching other would be thieves. 'Set a thief to catch a thief,' you know!" He uttered a hard little laugh.

"I suppose that's what we are," agreed Ryder.

"That's so."

"How long have you been here?"

"Four years."

"My God! How do you live?"

"Don't live—exist."

"Any hope of escape?"

"None whatever."

"The imperial government"—began Ryder suddenly, when the Englishman interrupted.

"The imperial government knows nothing about the matter. The whole rascally affair is in the hands of a clique of highborn scoundrels. Resolve to make yourself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances—resign yourself to losing your ears (if you ever should escape one can buy lovely pink rubber ones, I fancy) and hope for a change of rulers. Nothing else will cause excitement enough to have our existence forgotten. Good night!"

Stone calmly stretched himself on the floor and went to sleep. Ryder sat and brooded at the bronze lantern flickering in the distance. His hand still caressed the butt of his revolver, but with less confidence.

New York seemed many thousands of miles away tonight—New York and alluring Lena Shultz. He cursed her under his breath and wondered how many more men she would throw as bait into that hidden city in the hope that one or all of them might aid in the escape of her husband.

There was an audible murmur of sound without the thick walls, pierced by sharp staccato cries. The thud of many pounding feet sounded in the courtyards above their heads, and in an instant the six sleeping prisoners were awake and on the alert. The Latins gabbled French to one another, while Stone and Ryder drew near to an iron grating in the stone roof.

The American could make nothing of the strange sounds, but the Englishman's face lighted with sudden excitement.

"By Jove!" he whispered exultantly, "you've brought good luck after all, Ryder! Something extraordinary has happened, from what I can hear—a change of government indeed! Two deaths and chaos everywhere. Time for us to make a move, and disguises are in order."

He swooped to a dark corner and pried up a portion of the stone flagging. He brought into view a mass of silk and satin. He threw rich garments to each of his fellow prisoners, and without a word they slipped into the voluminous folds.

"Doubly a thief," muttered Stone as he surveyed his companions. Then he caught up one remaining robe and thrust it under his arm. "See if we can release Lena's husband, poor devil! We owe her a grudge, sure enough, but white men must stand by one another!"

With the air of one who had studied his ground and was well versed in his undertaking, he unfastened the oaken door and by the guiding sound of his slipping, padding feet the six followed him into the outer darkness of corridors. They twisted and turned and doubled, and at last Stone paused before another door.

"I don't know just how to get inside," he admitted in a low tone. But the pressure of his hand on the planks pushed the door inward and revealed to their shocked senses a scene of carnage indeed. With the details omitted, they realized that Lena's husband was dead, with his precious secret still a mystery behind his horribly grinning lips.

"The syndicate has done well indeed," said Stone, turning away. Silently they filed through the passages until they reached the foot of the grass grown steps where Ryder had left the outside world behind. "It is here where the guard is set. Look for danger, friends," whispered the Englishman.

The shadows were uninhabited. They slipped up into the grove of whispering trees and followed the curve of the shining wall around to the seventh gate.

"Once outside!" muttered Stone feverishly.

"Once outside!" each man repeated in his own tongue.

In the distance were muffled cries and excited murmurings. Around the seventh gate all was still—ominously still.

The seven were pressed against the bronze gate, and Stone was fumbling with the complicated lock. There was a rushing sound behind them, and they turned their heads.

A file of soldiers was running toward them, and their short swords were raised in deadly menace. Stone pulled the door open and dashed forth with his companions into pitchy blackness. They crashed into a sedan chair just entering the gateway. A woman's scream pierced the darkness, and from the tower overhead the watchman thrust his lantern.

A white face appeared for a brief instant between the parted curtains of the chair.

"Lena Shultz!" bellowed Ryder excitedly.

With one accord the seven victims of Lena Shultz ignored the oncoming soldiers, and, shouldering the bearers aside, they grasped the poles of the chair and carried the shrieking woman away from the seventh gate—away from the Forbidden City beyond the outer darkness to the lighted consulate buildings—to safety for all.

The next day Ryder and Stone left for the nearest treaty port. "A fifth story studio and paint pots for the rest of my life. I'll take my foreign travel book fashion hereafter," said Ryder sheepishly to his companion as they whirled along the railway. "What's your first wish, Stone?"

The Englishman touched a matted wig which hung well down over the lapel of his coat.

"Pink rubber ears," he said solemnly.

And neither laughed.

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A Firelight Party.

"A pleasant little holiday entertainment that could be readily copied in any locality was one for which the invitation cards were decorated with tiny pen-and-ink sketches of hearthstones with burning logs thereon," says Woman's Home Companion. "The gathering was named as 'A Firelight Party,' and the guests were urged in the text to come and read the pictures in the fire, on a certain day and date.

"The company arrived on the occasion appointed to find the living-hall lighted by a genial hickory blaze which formed the pricipal illumination, other luminaries low or extinguished. The fireplace itself was prettily set off with a background of green pine boughs and garlands of hemlock and evergreen.

"After an exchange of greetings all gathered around the fireplace while the entertainer read aloud the touching passages from 'Our Mutual Friend,' where Lizzie Hexam reads the pictures in the glowing firelight for her younger brother. Afterward paper and pencils were distributed and each was asked to write a short description of the picture seen in the fire on the present occasion. There were no specifications, each one writing the tale his fancy suggested, without restrictions, save as to time. At the end of ten minutes the papers were collected and read by the hostess, who awarded a framed picture representing a firelight scene for the one considered cleverest.

"The awarding of the prize was followed by a symposium of ghost stories original or otherwise. A popular novel was presented to the player whose tale was adjudged most hair-raising. Corn was popped and marshmallows toasted on pointed sticks. Just before adjourning for supper a clever amateur reader dressed in old-time costume came quietly out from the shadows and delighted the company with several love poems, among them Owen Meredith's 'Aux Italiens.' Two of the recitations were delivered with an accompaniment of low music.

"Supper was served at little tables by candle-light and consisted of sandwiches, cider, coffee, cookies, nuts and other such homely good things."

The Christmas Plum Pudding.

"Christmas without plum-pudding," says Woman's Home Companion, "would seem like the play of Hamlet with 'Hamlet left out,' and while you can buy a fairly good pudding in a tin can, the home-made article gives far more satisfaction and a larger quantity for the same expenditure. An English friend gave me his mother's rule some years ago, and I have used it year after year with real pleasure, and as it lasts my family most of the winter, I think it an economical dish. It will require one pound of beef suet, one pound of currants, one pound of Sultana raisins, one pound of mixed peel (lemon, orange and citron), one pound of flour, two ounces of sweet almonds (chopped fine), one-half teaspoonful of mixed spice, one half a nutmeg, one pound of sugar, one small teaspoonful of salt, the rind and juice of two lemons, three soda crackers rolled fine, six eggs and one fourth of a teacupful of syrup. Thoroughly mix when dry, then wet with egg and syrup, and water enough to make very stiff, then let stand over night. In the morning put in bowls, and cover with cloths, then put in a kettle of boiling water. Boil it for eight hours. When wanted for use, boil again or steam until thoroughly heated through. Serve with either hard or soft sauce or cream. As I own a large steamer, I usually steam my pudding instead of boiling it, and I like it better that way."

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FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

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Harry E. Fenlon

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Mrs. D. Gilkeson, 326 Ingles Ave., Youngstown, Ohio, gained wisdom by experience. "My little girl had a severe cold, coughed almost continuously. My sister recommended Foley's Honey and Tar. The first dose I gave her relieved the inflammation in her throat and after using only one bottle her throat and lungs were entirely free from inflammation. Since then I always keep a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar in the house. Accept no substitutes. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought
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The things that count in banking are—fair and liberal treatment, honesty, promptness, courtesy, ability and experience. Add to these ample capital and a surplus fund equal to or greater than the capital, and the conditions that go to make a good bank are present. Our large business is proof that many people think this a proper institution in which to do their banking business. Shall we not add you to the number?

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
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Capital $100,000. Surplus $125,000.

☞Our Bank Almanacs for 1911 are ready. Ask for one when you come to bank or drop us a card and one will be mailed to you.

Here and There.

James H. Potter is visiting the Sammervilles, at Winburne.

Prothonotary Arthur Kimport is again laid up with an attack of pluresy.

Mr. and Mrs. Wade H. Cruse were Lock Haven visitors on Saturday, last.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Robb are comfortably located in their new home, in Howard Street.

Miss Helen McGowan, of Snow Shoe, was last week the guest of Miss Mame Lezotte, of Lock Haven.

Mrs. George Grimes, of Lock Haven, sang a very pretty solo, on Sunday, last, in St. Paul's African Methodist Episcopal church.

Miss Margaretta Goheen and mother, of Boalsburg, returned home on Monday after a visit with friends at eastern points.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jacobs, who have been visiting Tyrone friends for some time, returned to their home at Boalsburg on Monday.

E. A. Siple, representing the firm of William G. Johnston & Company, of Pittsburg, printers and stationers, transacted business in town on Monday.

The Panther Hunting Club, made up of Bellefonters, returned from their camp on Friday evening, last. They secured two deer, one shot by Linn McGinley and the other by John Kniseley.

Miss Lettie, the third eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Napier, of Philipsburg, and Kelly Rapp, of Curwensville, were married in the Christian church, at Philipsburg, on Wednesday evening of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Rapp will reside at Curwensville.

Miss Maud Decker, of Selinsgrove, and Clarence McCormick, of State College, were married on Thanksgiving. The bride is a cousin of J. Homer Decker, of this place, and was stenographer for Rev. Mr. Aiken, president of Selinsgrove University, by whom the wedding ceremony was performed.

John Noll, a Bellefonte boy who is making rapid progress with the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Altoona, spent a part of Saturday and Sunday with his father, Emanuel Noll, at this place. John fully expected arriving here early Saturday morning, but he over-slept himself and thereby missed the early train out of Altoona.

We are indebted to James Reed, the well known auctioneer and good Republican, of Pine Grove Mills, who several days ago sent us a crisp one dollar bill, with instructions to advance his subscription to "The Republican" another year. We would be glad to have one hundred men at Pine Grove Mills of the type of Mr. Reed on our list as regular readers of this paper.

We are very glad to enter on our list of regular readers Mrs. D. W. Daley, of Philadelphia, whose husband is a well known banker and broker in that city. Mrs. Daley is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Thomas, well known residents of near Stormstown, who became regular readers of "The Republican" a short time ago. Mrs. Thomas was a pleasant caller at this office a day or two ago and while here she took occasion to remark that they liked "The Republican" very much.

Misses Verna May Chambers, Blanche Zindle and Clara Kech, three of Snow Shoe's popular young ladies who are attending the Lock Haven State Normal School, spent Thanksgiving at home, returning to their studies on Sunday night. In order that all three might remain at home during Sunday, Miss Chambers' father, David Chambers, brought them to Bellefonte in his big automobile on Sunday night and they took the train at this place for Lock Haven.

James Summers, who now is located at Tyrone as a caterer, making crabs and potato chips a specialty, desires us to announce that he will be in Bellefonte to meet his trade on Friday, December 9, and after that at intervals of two weeks.

Having been requested by the Kittochtinny Historical Society, of Franklin County, this State, to read a paper before them, Dr. Thomas C. VanTries went to Chambersburg this week, and on Tuesday evening, last, read before the society a memorial paper entitled, "The Poes of Antrim; with sketch of the military career of Adjutant Thomas Poe." The meetings of this society are attended by both ladies and gentlemen. Tuesday night's meeting was held at the home of Judge W. Rush Gillan, at Chambersburg.

Once in a great while an editor has the opportunity to feast on such rare bites as venison. The editor of "The Republican" has of late been especially fortunate in this respect. Some time ago Lawyer James C. Furst, on returning from the Maine woods, presented us with a choice cut of venison. On Friday, last, L. H. Gettig, the butcher, returned from a hunting trip and delighted us with a large venison steak. The Gettig party shot three deer on Twelve Mile Run, near Karthaus. One of the three was a fine buck, weighing over 180 pounds, which was brought down by a rifle in the hands of Charlie Stover, who by the way, recently accepted a position for the winter at the Garman House. In the party were Mr. Gettig. Mr. Stover, Edward J. Eckenroth, Isaac Miller, Benjamin Gentzel, David Moyer and Irvin Gettig.

Presbyterian fair, Dec. 1 and 2. Don't miss it.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Troup are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Miss Mary Brockerhoff returned home on Saturday, last, after several months abroad.

The regular meetihg of the Woman's Club will be held tomorrow, at 3:30 P.M. in Petrikin Hall.

There wil l be Communion service in the United Brothern church, on Sunday, next, both morning and evening.

O. M. Fetzer, one of Yarnell's progressive citizens, was a business visitor to Bellefonte on Saturday.

W. W. Waddle is seriously considering becoming an active candidate for the Republican nomination for Sheriff.

A. W. Garner and wife, of Centre Hall, mixed business and pleasure during a visit to Bellefonte on Tuesday.

Lot Palahan, of Sandy Ridge, one of Rush township's leading Republicans, transacted business in Bellefonte on Tuesday.

The Bellefonte Basket Shop will hold their annual Christmas Sale, at Petrikin Hall, December 10th (Saturday) to December 17th.

Mrs. John N. Lane departed yesterday for Altoona, where she will remain for several days with her daughter, Mrs. Robert Fay.

A. D. Fink, of Mahaffey, was royally entertained over Thanksgiving at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Joseph L. Runkle, on East High Street.

Calvin Troup was called to Hanover on Sunday by the death of this mother. Shortly after the latter expired his father was stricken with paralysis and has since been quite low.

The deer hunting season closed yesterday, as did also the open season for gray, black or fox squirrels. The open season for rabbits continues to December 15.

Roy M. Keilholtz and Martha D. Hoerner, both of Harrisburg, were married, at 6 o'clock, on Monday evening, last, at the home of William Garbrick, Rev. C. W. Winey officiating.

Miss Elva Merritt, of Julian, and Fred L. Raymond, of Lock Haven, were married at noon, on Wednesday of last week, at the United Brethren church parsonage, Rev. C. W. Winey officiating.

Mrs. Abraham Woodring, of near Port Matilda, had the misfortune to fall on Monday, last, and fracture her left leg near the ankle. Mrs. Woodring is 55 years old and weighs over 200 pounds. She slipped and fell while walking out of the house.

There was quite a little family reunion at the Thomas Fleming home on Thanksgiving. Edward Fleming and family were down from Altoona, while Thomas, Jr., with his new bride, arrived from Beaver Falls to help swell the crowd.

William A. Bloomer, about twenty-five years ago a resident of Philipsburg, died at Old Fort, North Carolina, on November 21, last, aged about 50 years. Mrs. Bloomer was formerly Miss Maud Gearhart, of Clearfield. She survives, as do also one daughter and five sons.

Jesse Underwood, one of Bellefonte's industrious young men, who for several years has been a fireman on the passenger train between Bellefonte and Montandon, was, on Monday, last, transferred to a fast train between Harrisburg and Williamsport.

The Tyrone "Herald" says that Miss Daisy Bowden Harris, of Bellefonte, and Augustus C. Jones, of Danville, were married at Tyrone, on Friday, last, by Rev. Mr. Newson, pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal church, and that Mr and Mrs. Jones will make their home at Danville.

Dr. DeLaun Stewart was one of the lucky hunters, landing a fine deer on Saturday, last. When it became known that he had killed a deer, there were numerous expressions of regret among envious friends and cronies who had planned roasting him in the event of his returning empty-handed.

Announcement is made of the wedding, on Thanksgiving day, at the home of the bride's parents near Port Maitlda, of Miss Edith M. Reese and Mr. Chalmers R. Lord, of Clearfield County. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. H. Ellis, pastor of the Port Matilda and Bald Eagle Baptist churches.

Bellefonte friends of the prospective bride will be interested in the announcement made on Thanksgiving day of the engagement of Miss Catherine Burnett and Mr. Peace Hazard, both of Syracuse, N. Y. The wedding will take place next fall. Miss Burnett resided in Bellefonte until about one year ago.

Forty-five counties in Pennsylvania are represented at the West Chester State Normal School, Centre County having five students there. They are Miss Margaret F. Glossner, of Blanchard; Miss Ethel G. Grieb, of State College; Miss Clarence E. Furst, of Stormstown; Miss Mary A. Foreman, of Spring Mills, and Miss Emily P. Cook, of Philipsburg.

In our report last week of the proposed program and list of participants for the evening entertainments during the Presbyterian fair, Dec. 1 and 2, we inadvertently omitted the name of John M. Bullock, who very kindly consented to be one of the concert singers. An interesting feature of the Parent Teachers' Circle will be special music, including a duet by Mrs. Russel Blair and Miss Mary Bradley.

ELOPED TO MARYLAND

Albert Knisely and Miss Lottie Grimm Give Parents Surprise.

Albert Knisely, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob S. Knisely, of this place, and Miss Lottie Grimm, daughter of Henry Grimm of State College, concluded that Thanksgiving day was the best of all for a wedding and, without so much as a word to their parents, they slipped away to Cumberland, where they were married by Rev. C. E. Brown. Both being under age the consent of their respective parents would have been necessary for them to have secured a marriage license in this State. Not having fortified themselves with the necessary approval of their parents, the young couple decided to try some other State where the age limit might be under twenty-one years. They finally selected Maryland and Thanksgiving day found them safely arrived in Cumberland, where the marriage ceremony was performed. The young couple then returned to Bellefonte and now are making their home with the groom's parents.

The elopement was a complete surprise to the friends of Mr. Knisely and his pretty bride. It was a well known fact the young couple were fond of each other. By all it was believed that in the course of a year or two they would be married. When Cupid is bossing the job, however, age is no barrier and without consulting their parents Mr. Knisely and Miss Grimm decided to first be married and then grow older. So well did they guard their plans that they were pronounced man and wife before it was known that they had gone to Cumberland. When they returned it was to be greeted with a parental blessing.

"They did sort of put one over on us," said Jacob Knisely, the young groom's father. "However, its all right The bride is a fine young lady and we want them to be happy."

PARENT-TEACHERS CIRCLE

Program for Meeting to be Held on Tuesday, Dec. 6.

The Parent-Teachers Circle will hold a meeting in the new High School building, at 7.30 o'clock, on the evening of Tuesday, December 6. The public, and especially the parents of school children, are urged to attend. The following program has been arranged:

Music, Coronation.

Lord's Prayer.

Music—Duet, Misses Dorothy Jenkins and Sarah Shuey.

Scripture reading.

Music—"Swinging 'Neath the Old Apple Tree."

Reading of minutes by the secretary.

Report of Committee on Constitution; discussion of same.

Music—Special.

Address by the president, Mrs. A. M. Schmidt—"Why a Mother's Meeting."

Discussion on "Obedience," formally opened by Mrs. M. R. Johnson and Mrs. Harry C. Yeager.

General Discussion.

Invitations for membership.

Doxology.

Mrs. A. M. Schmidt is president of the circle and Mrs. John S. Walker is secretary.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Earle C. Tuten has issued the following marriage licenses in the last week:

Harvey C. Bailey, Viola Segner,	Boalsburg "
Fred L. Raymond, Elva W. Merritt,	Bellefonte Julian
Clement T. Kuhn, Nora E. M. Miller,	Bellefonte Boalsburg
Edward C. Decker, Lettie V. Breon,	Philadelphia Spring Mills
Lewis Daggett, Caroline Orvis Canfield,	Bellefonte "
Roy H. Keilholtz, Martha D. Hoerner,	Harrisburg "
Lesson R. Grenoble, Laura Peters,	Mingoville "
Frank M. Rauchau, Eva M. Foyer,	Spring Mills Coburn
Robert H. Yocum, Helen Dunlap,	Philipsburg Osceola Mills

Benefit for Athletic Fund.

A benefit entertainment for the athletic fund of the Bellefonte High School will be held in the new High School building, on Friday evening of next week. During the evening the girl students of the High School will conduct a bazaar in the corridors, offering for sale cakes, candies, etc. The proceeds of the entertainment and fair will be devoted to wiping out a debt in the athletic fund treasury. Let every friend of the High School turn out and help the boys wipe out the debt.

Miss Atherton Engaged.

Announcement was made last week of the engagement of Miss Helen Atherton, daughter of the late George W. Atherton, president of State College, and Charles Emory Govier. Mr. Govier is an instructor at State College, from which institution he graduated several years ago.

Orviston Church Dedicated.

The Church of Christ, at Orviston, was formally dedicated on Sunday, last. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Rev. D. R. Moss, of Lock Haven. The services were attended by visitors from Bellefonte, Lock Haven, Philipsburg and other points.

THE FELLOW who referred to life insurance as a gambling game may have had good intentions, but he had bad judgment. It is the one business transaction which is not a gamble. Life insurance is intended primarily to offset as far as possible, the loss to the world by reason of the death of a producer. And death is a sure thing. It is the one safe bet. That is why it will pay you to anticipate the inevitable. It is well known that a dead man's salary continues, but not in a satisfactory way. It is drawn by the other fellow. There is such a thing as arranging so that your widow can draw yours. We can show you. That is why we ought to get together. We also have some easy chairs for old age. They are called Endowments.

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